The Outlook

Vol. 68 August 24, 1901 No. 17

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

The Steel Strike Extending..... 937
The Issue in Pennsylvania..... 937
Direct Primaries in Virginia..... 938
Homesteads in Texas..... 938
Police and Gambling in New York..... 939
Defects in the Pension System..... 939
Canada's Slow Gain in Population..... 940
The Trouble in South America..... 941
The War in South Africa..... 942
Trusts in Europe..... 943
Antarctic Exploration..... 943
James G. Clarke..... 944
Summer School in Philanthropy..... 945
The Bible College of Cincinnati..... 945
An Old-Style Camp-Meeting..... 945
The New York Christian Conference..... 946

EDITORIALS:

Self-Enforced Arbitration..... 946
Pseudo-Socialism..... 948
A History of Prayer..... 951
The Spectator..... 952

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

Seen in Germany..... 954
By Ray Stannard Baker

The Man from Glengarry. Chapter X.—The Home-Coming of the Shantymen.. 963
By Ralph Connor

China a Year After the Siege in Peking 969
By Arthur H. Smith

The Field Matron's Mission..... 975
By Annie Beecher Scoville

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

Ernest Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe" 978
Books of the Week..... 981

CORRESPONDENCE..... 983
NOTES AND QUERIES..... 986

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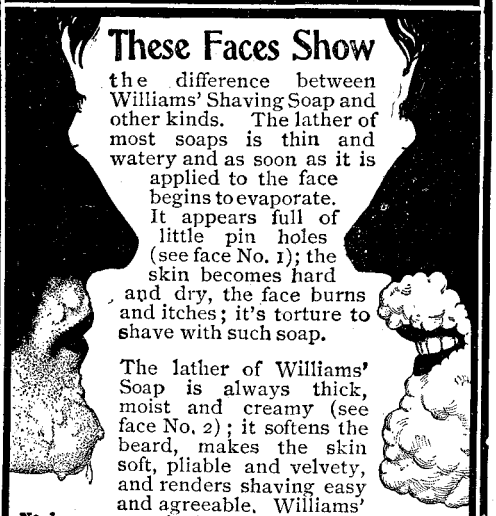

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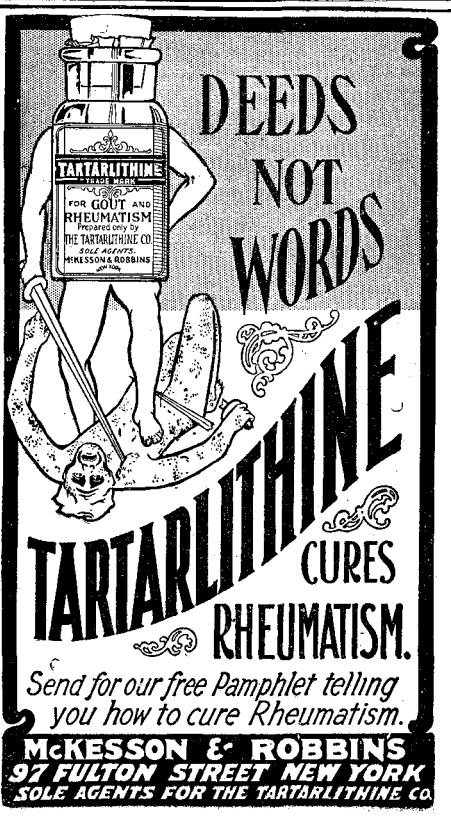

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The Steel Strike Extending

The good impression which the Amalgamated Association of steel workers had just made upon the public by offering unconditionally to submit the whole dispute to arbitration was largely dissipated at the beginning of last week by its renewed effort to get the lodges whose members are employed by the Illinois Steel Company to join in the strike, in apparent violation of their contract with the Company. No official apology for this action has been published, except the one sentence in President Shaffer's general strike order pointing out that these Western lodges had not made their contracts with the United States Steel Corporation, and that their obligations to their union antedated and qualified the engagements made with their employers. The friends of the union claim that by its constitution all contracts are subject to abrogation if the employer takes aggressive action against the union, and that in this case, while the Illinois Steel Company has taken none, it is now owned by the United States Steel Corporation, which has. Some such argument as this appears to have been used by Secretary Tighe with the lodges at Joliet on Thursday and those of Milwaukee on Saturday, for in both places, at the end of long meetings, fully attended, there was a unanimous vote to join in the strike rather than lose membership in the Amalgamated Association. At South Chicago, however, the lodges, after hearing Secretary Tighe, voted that they would support the strike only by paying strike assessments. At the beginning of last week the number of men who had quit work on account of the last or "general" call for the strike was estimated at fifteen thousand; by the close of the week the number had risen to more than thirty thousand, bringing the grand total up to seventy thousand. This, of course, includes many unskilled men who have been thrown out of work by the strike of the more skilled men in the union. On the part of the steel company, the only gains reported during the week were in the better manning of several non-union plants. A great deal of interest was displayed on both sides in the reported spread of unionism in the Carnegie works at Duquesne and Homestead, where the company has for several years denied its employees the right to join unions. The trial of strength at these mills, however, has not yet taken place, and there is no means of judging between the claims of the opposing parties. Until the end of last week the strike had been free from disorder, but on Sunday of this week a party of non-union men at Wellsville is reported to have been roughly used by a crowd of strikers. Fortunately, the leaders of the union have learned the lesson that the people of this country will not tolerate disorder, and have urged their followers scrupulously to obey the laws; but, unfortunately, the conduct of unionists does not yet always square with the creed of their organization.

❀

A Single Issue in Pennsylvania

The Democratic State Convention in Pennsylvania showed both common sense and public spirit in deliberately ignoring all National issues and calling upon the voters to unite in overthrowing the ring which has not only plundered but disgraced the Commonwealth. This action of the Convention showed common sense because only through it is it possible for the Democratic party to succeed in the coming elections, and it showed public spirit because only through it is it possible for the ring to be overthrown. Inasmuch as no National officer—not even a United States Senator—is to be elected

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in Pennsylvania this fall, the Republicans in Pennsylvania who are disgusted with the conduct of the State machine of their party can now vote effectively to oust it from power without feeling that they have indorsed National policies to which they are opposed. No doubt some among such Republicans will still vote again for the old machine, on the ground that "the Democrats would do as badly if they had the power," but the very fact that any political machine would do as badly if it had such power is reason for putting an end to the irresponsible power wielded by the present machine. Responsible government is impossible unless those in power are disciplined by the public whenever and wherever wrongdoing occurs.

❀

Direct Primaries Win in Virginia

The Democratic Convention in Virginia registered the complete triumph of Attorney-General Montague and those who have supported his fight against the long-dominant party machine. So thoroughly beaten was the machine in the contest for delegates that its candidate finally withdrew and Mr. Montague was nominated by acclamation. The real contest in the Convention was over the platform, and here the opponents of the machine with greater difficulty secured the adoption of a plank under which in the future the machine must at least submit its candidates to the approval of the voters. The salient plank in the platform contains this crucial sentence:

> We declare ourselves as favoring the principle of the selection of party candidates by a primary election, believing this to be the surest method of arriving at the will of the people and maintaining democratic institutions. We accordingly direct the State Central Committee to provide a primary election plan for the choice of party candidates for the United States and for all elected State officers, and for the members of the House of Representatives of the United States, for members of the General Assembly, and for county and municipal officers, except where no party nominations are made, and except in the case of county and municipal officers where for special reasons the local party authorities shall deem it inexpedient.

Except for the nomination of local officers direct primaries are thus made mandatory, and Virginia is placed in line with South Carolina, Georgia, and Minnesota in reducing the power of the machine from that of dictator to that of adviser and agent. The only other important plank in the platform was that in favor of industrial education, which also embodied the creed of the candidate named for the governorship. In his address to the Convention Mr. Montague put his ideas on this point as follows: "It is essential that this [school] system shall be so conducted that the people may know that the public free schools should not educate our children away from labor but toward labor. Our children must be taught to coin their thoughts into work no less than into words." On National issues the platform was practically silent. It did, indeed, express admiration for Mr. Bryan, but it not only contained no plank in favor of the free coinage of silver, but none against the action of the United States in the Philippines.

❀

Nearly Free Homesteads in Texas

Almost the last act of the last Legislature in Texas, we learn from a correspondent in that State, was to throw open for settlement a tract of land larger than the State of Connecticut, upon terms almost as liberal as those offered by the General Government under the homestead law. The lands in question are distributed among fifty-odd counties in western Texas, and heretofore have been rented to a relatively few great cattle companies at the extremely low rent of three cents an acre. The cattlemen, of course, insisted that the land was worthless for agriculture, but the pressure of public opinion in the parts of the State which they did not control led the last Legislature to order that agricultural settlers should be given a chance to enter and cultivate this great public domain. The terms offered these settlers are extremely liberal. Any bona-fide home-seeker who will settle upon a section for three years, and meanwhile erect thereon improvements worth at least three hundred dollars, will be allowed to obtain title by the payment of one dollar an acre, and this sum may be paid in forty annual installments with interest at the rate of three per cent. on deferred payments. The settler who takes a quarter-section, therefore, need only pay four dollars a year on his principal, and a maximum of less than five dollars

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as interest, to acquire his one hundred-and-sixty-acre farm. In other words, he virtually leases at a rental of five and a half per cent., and acquires ownership without any other payment in the forty years. The new Texas law allows the settler to take as much as four sections—the motive being doubtless the anticipated desire of some of the homesteaders to go into the cattle business in a small way in connection with their farms. Inasmuch as the homesteaders pay at least as high a rental as the cattle companies have done, and soon begin to pay taxes on the homes they build and improvements they make, the State is of course enriched, in spite of its generosity. Under the new law the land not taken by homesteaders may be re-leased by cattle companies, but only for short periods, or under a provision that unimproved sections may be sold at any time to homesteaders. The great amount of public land still in the possession of the State of Texas is the result of a provision in the State Constitution setting apart one-half of the public domain to the education of the young and the care of the unfortunate. The "school lands" still unsold aggregate more than four million acres.

❀

Police and Gambling in New York

Revelation is hardly the word to apply to the recent disclosures of police collusion with pool-rooms in New York, for it would be hard to find any wide-awake, well-informed, observant citizen who has not long known to a moral certainty that the police protected the pool-rooms and warned their owners against raids. How else, for instance, can one account for the fact that from five to eight thousand persons a day have visited the pool-rooms in the district of Maspeth (part of the city), while when a raid is planned the great houses, some of them built for the special purpose of serving as pool-rooms, are empty? No New Yorker, good or bad, not officially involved, would dream of questioning the fact unless he wished to be taken for a fool, and even the police denials are perfunctory and not genuine or indignant. What was really accomplished by the confession of Whitney and the discoveries of Dillon was to establish direct connection between police headquarters and the pool-rooms by evidence. This evidence is probably not strong enough, for technical reasons (such as the difficulty of proving in court the facts about a telephone talk), to make it possible to indict individuals like Devery and Glennon, Devery's wardman, nor does it seem to make it desirable for the Governor to suspend Commissioner Murphy, the nominal single head of the New York police. But the evidence is of a character to convince common-sense people, and therefore it is a sound foundation for the political indictment of the party responsible for the police corruption. It is a mistake to suppose that East Side residents are in sympathy with vice; the Lexow revelations had much to do with the following defeat of Tammany. The fact that police corruption in the end means the corruption of the children is a powerful incentive to good citizenship among the poor, once it is understood. No amount of explanation can wipe away the fact that when Dillon, the detective of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, telephoned to a police station that a pool-room raid was at hand—using for the purpose the name of Whitney, formerly an agent of the Society, but lately a confessed go-between for the police and the gamblers—the pool-rooms were almost instantly closed, while the police telegraph operator at headquarters invited him to "come down here to headquarters with your list and we can fix it up quicker." Whitney's own confession is direct and positive, but it is subject to the usual doubt which may be cast on the confession of an admitted bribe-taker who informs against his associates.

❀

Defects in the Pension System

It is of prime importance in discussing the pension system to remember that the honor, credit, and interest of honest and deserving pensioners are closely concerned in the eradication of fraud. Public sentiment is unanimous in desiring liberal pensions and liberal pension laws; it ought to be unanimous in making fraud impossible and in refusing to put on the same level the man who really served his country and needs its aid with the shirk or the liar. The fact that thirty-six years after the Civil War

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the United States is paying over $150,000,000 for pension expenses in a total military and naval expenditure of $386,000,000 (double the largest military expenditure of any European country) does not in itself prove the existence of fraud, but it may well suggest a careful scrutiny of the facts. Such an examination is made in the current "Forum" by Mr. Francis E. Leupp, a competent and experienced Washington correspondent. He points out that while in every other form of public expenditure the most elaborate checks are devised to prevent improper payment, in the pension system the claimant receives every possible help to push his claim, and adverse testimony is really discouraged. The papers in these cases are not open to general inspection, which might aid in detecting fraud, but any of the army of fifty thousand people who make a living by helping to establish claims can examine papers by passing the case from one attorney to another. Many of the claim agents are former Pension Bureau clerks, who while under Government pay have learned every weak spot in law, technicalities, and procedure. After the Dependent Pension Law was passed, half a million names were added to the rolls in three years. Mr. Leupp asserts that one Commissioner gave orders that the Bureau should "make a record" of admitting one thousand claims in one day, and that this Commissioner was at the time personally borrowing money from one of the pension attorneys, who is alleged to have made $500,000 in fees in a year. No such condition exists now, but, on the other hand, the present Commissioner has made powerful enemies merely by trying to enforce the law fairly and honestly.

❀

Frauds and Collusion

The medical examinations, Mr. Leupp shows, offer opportunities for mistakes even when the boards mean to be just to Government interests; that the boards are not always over-conscientious is shown by such facts as that in one week one board found thirty-six claimants in succession affected with heart disease—so flagrant a humbug that a special board in another locality was asked to examine twelve of these men, and afterwards a medical referee (an ex-Union soldier) did the same, and not a case of heart disease was found among the twelve. Many singular cases of impersonation and fraud are told by Mr. Leupp to show, not that fraud is possible, for perjury and swindling are possible in almost all transactions, but that the law is so weak as to tempt to fraud. Thus, there seems to be no provision whatever for verifying the fact that the man who goes before a medical examining board is actually the man who applied for the pension. Affidavits of witnesses are frequently prepared by attorneys who have never seen the witnesses but sign from philanthropic motives. One Sunday-school superintendent, an attorney, procured a pension for his partner by forging names of witnesses dead and alive, and on discovery maintained that his motives were excellent. An attorney at Providence collected and appropriated the money of twenty dead pensioners. A Brooklyn soldier secured a pension in his own name and then impersonated seven comrades in different towns and collected all the money. One man is known to make a profession of impersonating witnesses, and often his services are used by honest claimants who suppose him to be really an old comrade. A pensioner for deafness was found engaged in a telephone office; one for blindness in a jewelry shop; one for total disability was met carrying a lawn-mower over his shoulder; out of 105 cases filed by one attorney all but eight were fictitious or based on forged papers. These are only a few specimens of cases quoted by Mr. Leupp. They were so flagrant that they invited detection. Who can guess how many not quite such bold-faced frauds remain undiscovered? Is it not possible to frame a system of examination and verification which will guarantee full and liberal recognition for honest soldiers who have proper claims, and for them only?

❀

Canada's Slow Gain in Population

The census returns for Canada just published show a somewhat disappointingly small gain during the past decade. Despite the great influx of settlers into Manitoba and the northwestern territories, the total gain for the Dominion in ten years has been but half a million,

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or only ten per cent. This increase is slightly less than that reported ten years ago for the decade 1881–1891, and is barely equal to that maintained in Great Britain and Ireland and much less than that maintained in Germany, despite the constant emigration from those countries. It is, of course, in happy contrast with the returns from France, where the population is absolutely stationary; but the slow gain in Canada as compared with Teutonic countries is not at all to be attributed to the large French element in Canada's population. Of the older provinces in Canada French Quebec shows much the largest gain—the increase there being nine per cent., as against three per cent. in Anglo-Saxon Ontario. When compared with other countries in our own continent, Canada's gain of ten per cent. during the last decade contrasts with a gain of twenty per cent. in the United States, fifteen per cent. in Mexico, about twenty per cent. in Brazil, and about fifty per cent. in the Argentine Republic. Inasmuch as Canada also is the recipient of a large yearly immigration, and inasmuch as the natural increase of the population is perhaps greater there than in any of the other countries named, it is obvious that her slow gain is solely due to the enormous emigration from Canada to the United States. As was remarked by a keen observer ten years ago, "the United States is annexing Canada by annexing her population." There is, unfortunately, no accurate record of the amount of our yearly immigration from Canada, and there is, fortunately—in the West at least—rarely any occasion to distinguish between the Canadian immigrants and the native-born population. The English and Scotch Canadians constitute a wholly homogeneous element in our population. It is, in fact, almost the only important part of our present immigration which those who care for National homogeneity can regard with satisfaction. The figures of our Immigration Bureau for the year just ended show the following contrast with conditions twenty years ago:

	1882. Per cent.	1901. Per cent.
Great Britain, Germany, and Scandinavia	65	21
Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia	10	69

The immigration through which our population is increasing so rapidly is now coming chiefly from the backward nations of southern and eastern Europe. Canadians may perhaps congratulate themselves that their population is not increasing so rapidly.

❀

The Trouble in South America

It is almost as difficult to get accurate information about the condition of affairs in Colombia and Venezuela as it was to learn the facts during the siege of the Peking Legations. The reason, however, is very different: from China there were no reports; from South America there are too many reports, but they are flatly contradictory and often totally false. It must be remembered, as a key to the complications, that in Venezuela President Castro's government is supported by the Liberal party, although, it must be confessed, his rule is really that of a Dictator; in Colombia, on the other hand, the Liberals are out of power. As a result, we find insurgents in Venezuela who are affiliated with the Conservative party, and insurgents in Colombia who are affiliated with the Radical party. The Liberal Government in Venezuela sympathizes with the insurgents in Colombia, and, it is alleged, has given them more than tacit sympathy. On the other hand, there has been an incursion into Venezuela of the reactionary or Conservative insurgents of Colombia. Such a state of things is not unlikely to produce war between the two countries, and there have been rumors that war actually existed. These rumors have not yet been shown to be true; and, as we write, the latest reports deny the existence of war between the two countries. In both States, as we said last week, the chief principle of the Liberal party, so far as it may be said to have one, is that of anti-clericalism; while we judge it also true that all parties assert their devotion to constitutional government, and that none has any serious intention of really establishing what we here consider a constitutional form of government. General Uribe-Uribe advocates the re-establishing of "Great Colombia"—that is, a union between Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador. He charges his Conservative (or Clerical) opponents with carrying on a war of conquest, cruelty, and extermination, and

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quotes the "Great Liberator," Bolivar, as having been in favor of the "Great Colombia" union, through which only, General Uribe-Uribe believes, can sound and fair government be established in the three countries involved. The interest of the United States in the matter centers chiefly on the possibility of the Isthmus of Panama being involved and the probable interruption to the working of the Panama railway. The United States has long held that it has a duty and right to preserve order on the Isthmus if necessary to maintain, uninterrupted, the world's commerce between the two oceans, and a treaty with Colombia admits this right. Accordingly, our Government has despatched one or two gunboats to Panama and Colon, and a larger vessel, the Iowa, is also to go. It does not follow because these vessels are sent that the United States proposes to take part in the troubles in South America and southern Central America. The sending of war vessels to places where trouble is probable or possible is well recognized as a perfectly proper act for a neutral nation, not an intimation of hostility. Nicaragua is reported to favor General Uribe-Uribe's action in Colombia, while Ecuador's troops are reported to be ready to invade Colombia from the south; and if this is so, the possibilities of international difficulties in which the interests of the United States might suffer are greatly increased.

❀

The War in South Africa Lord Kitchener's usually meager reports have been expanded the past week enough to show that there has been unusual activity in the field, and some events of military importance. The chief of these are the defeat of Kritzinger's commando on August 13 and the capture of many prisoners, among them Commandants Erasmus and Cachet, the latter mortally wounded. This action was fought by the British General Gorringer, who commands one of the two columns under the orders of General French. From the other column a small reverse to the British is reported, comprising the capture of fifty scouts, who were surrounded in the hills by the Boers in the fashion which has repeatedly caused similar mortifying experiences. As usual in the recent conduct of the war, the prisoners were released by the Boers after being disarmed. Operations in Cape Colony have resulted in the capture of a large Boer camp, and in minor losses on both sides. The statement that at Bremersdorf a small British force fought an action with the Boers, and were finally driven back after the Boers received a reinforcement of five hundred men, is quoted by those who do not accept Mr. Chamberlain's view that only brigandage and guerrilla warfare now exists in South Africa, as showing that the Boers can still place considerable bodies of fighters in the field. A warmly pro-Boer article in the current "Forum," under the rather sensational title "Pacification by Arson," points out that, while Lord Roberts last November issued an order on the subject of farm-burning which distinctly states that the mere fact that a burgher is absent on commando is not to be regarded as a reason for the burning of his house, nevertheless the reports lately made to Parliament show that, at least previous to the issuing of this order, many farms were burned solely for that reason, among them General Christian De Wet's; and even the "St. James Gazette," which has clamored for severe measures, admits that it is contrary to all the usage of civilized warfare to endeavor to force the surrender of belligerents by inflicting individual penalties. The report to Parliament on the subject of farm-burning shows a summary of over six hundred farms destroyed between June, 1900, and January, 1901. In the majority of cases named in this report the three reasons ascribed are: laying waste the country used as a base by the enemy; harboring Boers; owner on commando. We lately quoted Mr. Chamberlain's statement in Parliament that the policy of burning farms had been abandoned except in extreme cases, and that the concentration camp system was working humanely and effectively. It is only right to put by the side of this statement the references on the subject in the article to which we have just referred. For instance, this writer quotes Lady Maxwell, wife of the British Military Governor of the Transvaal, who, in a letter to the New York "Herald," appeals for warm clothing for the poor women and children in the camps, "many of whom are totally

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destitute and unable to provide against the cold weather." Again, Miss Emily Hobhouse, an English lady, has recently made a pamphlet report on the conditions of the camps, in which she puts the death-rate in the Orange Free State camps at about 250 per thousand per annum; in the Transvaal camps, 120; and in the Johannesburg camp as high as 435 per thousand. Her description of the conditions in the camp at Bloemfontein is appalling. Most pitiful of all is the frightful death-rate among children in some of these camps. The statement made officially in the House of Lords by Lord Raglan last month shows a mortality in the camps for the month of June of 63 men, 138 women, and 576 children. It is not surprising, comments the writer in the "Forum," that General Louis Botha, in response to a question as to whether he meant to surrender, replied, "No, not after the way they have treated us—after the burning of our farms and the deporting of our women—I would rather be shot."

❀

Trusts in Europe The Industrial Commission last week gave out a compact summary of the report on industrial combinations in Europe prepared for it by Professor Jenks, of Cornell. Everywhere in Europe, it is stated, industrial combinations have been gathering strength for several years past, and in Germany and Austria their power is probably as great as in the United States. Their exceptional development in these countries is not attributed by the Commission to the influence of the protective tariff in facilitating combinations by removing the fear of foreign competition and promoting them by guaranteeing the members high prices on their domestic sales. No such criticism of the protective system receives the indorsement of the Commission. Its tendency is rather to minimize the influence of the tariff, and even perhaps to minimize the tendency of combinations to exact higher prices. The emphasis of its report is rather upon the weakness of popular opposition to trusts in Europe, and the danger of laws which will hamper their development, except by requiring complete publicity for all their operations. Fortunately, this form of regulation, which is a prime essential to intelligent regulation along other lines, is strongly commended. The Commission's conclusions are stated as follows:

1. There is relatively little objection to combinations in Europe, and in some countries the governments and people seem to believe that they are needed to meet modern industrial conditions. They believe that they should be carefully supervised by the Government, and, if necessary, controlled.

2. There is little or no belief that the protective tariff is responsible for their existence. They at times use the tariff to keep their prices higher than would otherwise be possible, and their export prices are often lower than their domestic prices. The tariff should be guarded so as to prevent serious abuses, but there is practically no thought of its abolition.

3. Railroad discriminations have been practically abolished in Europe, and in consequence they have had no effect toward creating combinations.

4. The great degree of publicity in the organization of corporations has largely prevented the evils arising from stock-watering, and has evidently had much effect in keeping prices steady and reasonable, and in keeping wages steady and just.

5. There seems to be no inclination toward the passage of laws which shall attempt to kill the combinations. That is believed to be impossible and unwise. Laws should attempt only to control, and that apparently chiefly through publicity, though the governments may be given restrictive power in exceptional cases.

❀

Antarctic Exploration There is less of popular interest in Antarctic than in Arctic exploration, largely because of the sentiment aroused by the probability that the actual geographical North Pole may be attained any year, and partly because the narratives of Arctic expeditions from Franklin and Kane's time to the present day have been vastly more exciting and entertaining than those of the explorers of the Far South. Scientists, and especially geographers, however, are quite as much interested in the south as in the north. The difficulties are fully as great in the former region as in the latter, and the field open for discovery and observation is far less limited by work already done. Two expeditions, Belgian and Norwegian, have comparatively recently reported their experience. Now four expeditions are either actually under way or soon to start. One of these, however, that from Sweden, may be seriously delayed by the death last week of its famous leader, Baron Nordenskjold, one

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of the most intrepid of explorers. Adolf Erik Nordenskjold as early as 1868 reached the high latitude of 81° 42′ north. His surveys and explorations about and beyond Spitzbergen and off the Siberian coast led him to believe that the long-dreamed-of northeastern passage was a possibility, and in 1878, under the patronage of the King of Sweden, Nordenskjold doubled the northernmost cape in the Eastern Hemisphere, Cape Tchelyuskin, and in 1879 reached Japan, thus proving the possibility of a northeastern passage; its commercial inutility had long since been recognized. In "Greenland's icy mountains" of the interior—really, despite the hymn, rather a great ice plateau—Nordenskjold made notable discoveries, and he was the first to take a vessel safely along the dangerous east coast. All of these expeditions he described vividly in his books and magazine articles. The Swedish Antarctic expedition headed by him would have started in November had it not been for his death, and it is possible that another leader may be found to take his place. The German Antarctic expedition, under the command of Lieutenant Drygalski, sailed from Kiel last week. It will establish a base at Kerguelen, from which point Professor von Drygalski will push as far south as possible and spend the winter. If nothing is heard of the expedition by June, 1904, a search expedition will be sent out. Meanwhile a British expedition, under the naval command of Captain R. F. Scott, goes out in the Discovery, said to be the finest ship ever engaged in polar research. The British Government, the Royal Geographical Society, and the Royal Society join in the cost and management. Several English scientists, each an authority in his own department, will divide the work of observation and reports. By an amicable understanding, the German and British expeditions will co-operate by leaving each the other one-half of the Antarctic continent and adjacent ice-fields. Finally, a Scottish expedition, under the leadership of Mr. William S. Bruce, will probably before long try to penetrate in a whaler the southern ice-pack on about the thirteenth parallel west of Greenwich. That eighty degrees south is the furthest point Mr. Bruce hopes to attain, and that this will beat the present record (that of Ross), show how much further distant explorers still are from the South than from the North Pole. Perhaps the most important practical result to be had from any of these Antarctic expeditions is information about the southern magnetic pole and magnetic variations. Deep-sea dredging is expected to add much to our knowledge of rare forms of animal and vegetable life, and scientific observations of this kind will be extensively carried out.

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James Greville Clarke The recent death of Mr. James Greville Clarke, editor of the (London) "Christian World," removes one in whom a high ideal both of religious journalism and of personal character was conspicuous. His father, Mr. James Clarke, whom he succeeded some fourteen years ago in the editorial chair, had made the "Christian World" an effective power for the enfranchisement of religious thought from the tyranny of proscriptive dogmatism, and the battle in which he had joined for the freedom of faith had been substantially won. Inheriting his convictions, his son, now deceased, was a steadfast promoter of progressive thought in religious, sociological, and political lines, with a spirit eminently conciliatory and irenic. For courtesy as well as courage, for transparent sincerity and loyalty to high principle, for a sensitive considerateness of the feelings and circumstances of others, for a gentle and unassuming modesty, Mr. Clarke was eminently distinguished. A less retiring disposition would have brought a man of his intellectual power more prominently before the public eye, but he shrank from the platform in content with his influential work through the press. The period during which he controlled the "Christian World" has been peculiarly marked by the knitting of new friendship between the United Kingdom and the United States. For this also he did what he could, and the Anglo-American concord had no more earnest promoter than he. Through his interest in publishing them, many of the best American books in the lines of the new theology have been widely circulated in Great Britain. His death at the early age of forty-six brings sorrow to many on both sides the sea.

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Summer School in Philanthropy

The proceedings of the New York Summer School for Philanthropic Workers, reported in recent weekly issues of "Charities," are full of suggestion for those who would help in abating the evils from which the city poor are the immediate but not the only sufferers. For effective treatment of such evils special training is as necessary as for the application of medical skill in coping with disease. Six weeks is almost absurdly too short a time for such training, but, in lack of adequate means for more, it accomplishes much. The six weeks are crowded full of work, from early in the morning till late at night, in the discussion of various points in the many-sided problem, visiting and observing the practical operations conducted in local institutions, and writing up for criticism the results of such study. Even students who have taken university courses in sociology acknowledge, when thus brought to face with practical conditions and questions, their need of the laboratory training which only such a school can supply. The main heads under which a great variety of subordinate topics have been handled are: (1) The Treatment of Needy Families in their Homes—so important a topic that half of the six weeks is given to it; (2) The Care of Dependent, Neglected, and Delinquent Children; (3) Medical Charities; (4) The Institutional Care of Adults; (5) Neighborhood Improvements. The corps of lecturers and instructors has been composed of some of the best experts in the country. Some of the more important papers will be published in full in "Charities." The Outlook deems it highly important that this school should be provided with larger means for the large need it can now only partially supply. The Young Men's Christian Association has found it necessary to establish training-schools to supply it with secretaries and physical directors. An equal need exists in the work of organized charity, which deems it wiser to lift one family into wholesome conditions of self-help than to tide twenty over into next week's helplessness. There is a serious lack of trained workers, with consequent overwork and frequent exhaustion of the small force engaged. A year, some say two years, is none too long a period for proper training of the workers required. The proper equipment of a school for this purpose, including a number of free scholarships, is well worthy of consideration by those who are blessed with large means.

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The Bible College of Cincinnati

The demand for better methods and opportunities for Bible study is one of the most encouraging signs in the life of the Christian Church to-day. Among the institutions recently organized to supply this need is the Bible College of Cincinnati. Under the direction of Professor C. Russell Williams, of Chicago, a summer session was planned with the purpose of bringing to those who must remain in the city some of the benefits of the "Summer Assembly." The interest shown in study classes, lectures, and public conferences encouraged the organization of a permanent school to prepare men and women for Bible teaching and Christian work. Besides courses in the Bible and methods of work, instruction in Church history and the history of missions and in public speaking and music will be included in the two years' course. While seeking to reach students from the surrounding States and from the South, for which Cincinnati offers a peculiarly advantageous center, the city and its special needs are not forgotten. For Sunday-school teachers occupied during the day a "Teachers' Institute," for the study of the Bible, the Sunday-school, the child, and methods of teaching, is held upon one or two evenings of each week. By public lectures upon Biblical themes an effort will be made to interest and help those who would not undertake systematic work. The Advisory Committee consists of representative pastors of the city. The general purpose of the college is to furnish to Christian workers such thorough and systematic preparation for their work as is received by our ministers in the theological seminary.

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An Old-Style Camp-Meeting

Perhaps no summer assembly or religious meeting in the country partakes more fully of the old-time revival spirit

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than the Sing Sing camp-meeting which has just closed its seventieth annual sessions. The fine grove of old oaks under which the saints have worshiped for three generations has resounded for two weeks with praise, prayer, and preaching, amid much enthusiasm and joyous shouting. The Rev. D. W. Couch, of New York, conducted the services, assisted by Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Disciples, Converted Jews, Salvation Army workers, and others; and thus this was a union service more than a denominational meeting, insomuch that the spirit of unity was felt throughout. Eleven services a day was the programme, beginning at six in the morning and closing at ten in the evening. One of the old-time features still continued is the use of straw around the anxious seat, on which penitents are asked to kneel for prayer. Straw was used both in "the circle," or regular popular meeting-place, and also in "the Duane Prayer-Tent," where the after-meetings were held. The Swedish Methodists have a large tent on the grounds, and conduct revival meetings in their language for ten days. More conversions seemed to result from their services than from those in English. The music was strictly evangelistic. "Old Folks' Day" was an enjoyable feature of the camp, for it brought together hundreds of old people from many regions of the Hudson Valley, who found great delight in recalling the memories of other days. But the abounding joy found its culmination in "the march around Zion," which concludes the series of services each year. The people form into line and march about the grounds singing hymns, shouting praises to God, and in many other ways expressing their delight. In all essential features Sing Sing camp-meeting is conducted along lines characteristic of such services seventy-five years ago.

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The New York Christian Conference

The Northfield spirit and an interest in practical Christian effort in various lines—settlement work, rescue work, Sunday-school work, missionary work—appears in the announcements of this Conference at Sea Cliff, Long Island, August 31–September 5, inclusive. Bible study under such a leader as Professor Sanders, of Yale, is also among the prominent attractions. Among the speakers announced are President Clark, of the Endeavor Society, Commander Wadhams, U. S. N., Dr. Moxom, of Springfield, and the Hon. S. J. Barrows, whose subject is "Jesus as a Penologist."

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Self-Enforced Arbitration

Already the steel strike has begun to affect other persons besides those immediately engaged. In towns like McKeesport business is practically prostrate, and in every place where some men are on strike others are compelled to be idle because their work cannot go on when that of the strikers is stopped. Every day adds to the number of those thus affected, for the want of the material produced in certain mills makes impossible the work upon that material which is carried on in other mills and in the machine-shops and the buildings where the material in its final form is put in place. The fact that the Steel Trust has so nearly a monopoly of the steel industry of this country makes the situation incomparably more threatening than if the public might quickly turn to competitors for its supplies, and the result has naturally been renewed discussion of methods by which the public may protect itself against the evils it suffers from the conflicts in which it now takes no part except that of victim. The suggestion most frequently made is that of compulsory arbitration along the lines marked out by New Zealand. At present, however, there is in this country no general demand for compulsory arbitration except for chartered monopolies such as railways, street railways, and gas companies; with these the requirement that quarrels be submitted to arbitration is now being incorporated in some of the new charters granted. The Steel Trust, however, is not a chartered monopoly, and the public can, if necessary, secure most of the steel products it needs from abroad. There is no likelihood, therefore, that the public would wish to impose compulsory arbitration upon such an industry as this until it has had more experience with compulsory arbitration in the field where such compulsion is more clearly needed.

Another suggestion, however, has been

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made, which might be immediately applied to the present industrial war, because practically the whole public is prepared to accept it. It is not, indeed, entirely new, but it has been put with so much force by Mr. Charles Francis Adams in a letter to the New York "Evening Post" that we summarize his statement of it. Mr. Adams begins by declaring that, while the public has interests in these conflicts which ought to be protected, he can see no way by which the awards of a public tribunal could be made legally binding upon the offending parties to the conflict, since "not even government by injunction" would go to the length of compelling either mills or men to work when they wished to be idle. Therefore, in lieu of arbitration in which the decision shall be legally binding he recommends arbitration in which the decision shall be morally binding, and illustrates his point by recalling the manner in which the Boston and Maine strike of 1877 was settled. On the 12th of February in that year the engineers and firemen on that road brought their dispute with the company to a crisis by carrying out their threat to stop work. The road was almost completely tied up, and the public suffered the usual inconvenience. The State Railway Commission did not immediately intervene, but, as the public evils augmented with the strike's prolongation, it decided to investigate the causes and report to the public its conclusion. Both parties to the strike decided that it was best for them to appear before the Commission to justify their position, and the Commission, after hearing the evidence on both sides, rendered on the 21st of February a decision which was so impartial and convincing that the force of public opinion compelled the immediate settlement of the strike in the way recommended by the Commission. Such a procedure, Mr. Adams urges, might be followed in the present conflict if either a National or Pennsylvania State Board could be appointed by the Executive, which should have the power to make an immediate investigation and the character to command universal respect for its conclusions.

With Mr. Adams's declaration that compulsory arbitration is impossible we do not, of course, agree. The fact that he can see no way by which the awards of a public tribunal can be made legally enforceable does not settle the question. It is true, as he says, that no court will compel managers or men to operate factories if they wish to be idle, but New Zealand's experience with compulsory arbitration has shown that it is not necessary for the courts to exercise any such extreme powers. As Mr. Henry D. Lloyd puts it in his "Newest England:"

> The workingman or employer who does not want to obey the award of the court need not do so. There is no compulsion to work or to keep the factory open, but the employer who closes his factory can reopen it, the workingman who leaves his work can begin work again, only in exact compliance with the terms of the award. . . . The workingman can come back to work and the employer can reopen his factory during the life of an award—and this may be for two years—only by obeying all the points of the decision of the court.

The New Zealand law has been in force since 1896, and the trial has proven that, in years of prosperity at least, neither employers nor employed will prolong a shut-down when they cannot hope by such action to extort better terms.

But, while exception may be taken to Mr. Adams's criticism of the suggestion of others, and his strange overlooking of the experience of a great English colony, no exception can be taken to the suggestion which he himself makes. Public opinion is a tremendous factor in the settlement of strikes, and public opinion is generally on the side of justice when the facts are fully stated. The Chicago Strike Commission, appointed by President Cleveland, might serve as a precedent for the kind of a board needed, since its report commanded universal respect, and only failed to have far-reaching influence because it was rendered so late. What the public needs is just such a body to investigate and report to it within a fortnight of the outbreak of a great struggle. The present State Boards of Arbitration might well be given the powers necessary for such work; and the obligation to exercise these powers might well be made mandatory, since timid or place-loving boards will not volunteer action certain to offend powerful interests on the one side or the other. In case present boards do not command the public regard essential to give weight to their decisions, new boards might be appointed for very great con-

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troversies, the Executive of the Commonwealth or Nation selecting one judicial man of standing who is entirely acceptable to the employers, another who is entirely acceptable to the workmen, and these two might select a third. Experience has proven that arbitration boards thus selected can nearly always render a unanimous decision as to facts, and often a unanimous decision as to the just terms of settlement. In any event, the reports and the decisions would always have the weight to which the reasonableness of their positions seemed to entitle them, and the public would be in a position to frame an intelligent judgment. If this public judgment were on the side of the workers, it would give new life to their struggle, and if it were on the side of the company it would give the strike a deathblow. It is only the side which is obviously in the wrong that cannot afford such an investigation and report, and the general public certainly has a right to demand it.

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Pseudo-Socialism

The following leaflet has been sent to The Outlook. It is subscribed by one who signs himself a "Socialist;" but we do not think he truly represents Socialism; we doubt whether he knows what Socialism really is:

Proofs from their own Bible and from Common Sense that ALL RICH men and most clergymen are FRAUDS and IMPOSTORS, &c., because they profess to believe what they do not practice:

1st.—From the BIBLE: Jesus Christ's own Words.

Matthew vi., 9, and Luke xi., 2. "Our Father who art in Heaven." (Showing all men are *brothers*.)

Matthew xix., 19. "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Matthew xix., 21. "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and follow me."

Matthew xix., 23. "A rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

Matthew xix., 30. "Many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first."

Matthew xxv., 41, 42. "Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink."

Mark viii., 36. "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Mark x., 25. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

Mark x., 43, 44. "Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your servant: and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all."

Luke iii., 11. "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise."

Luke vi., 20. "Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God."

Luke vi., 24–5. "Woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation."—"Woe unto you that are full! for ye shall hunger."

Luke vi., 30, 31. "Give to every man that asketh of thee. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

Luke xii., 48. "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required."

Luke xiv., 13, 14. "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

Luke xvi., 19–31. Account of Lazarus the beggar going to Heaven, and the rich man "in torments"—"in hell."

2nd.—From COMMON SENSE.

A man who can save a life, and *don't*, is morally a *murderer;* therefore rich men are morally *wholesale murderers*, because they *could* and *don't* save the lives of thousands of men, women, and children who die every year of starvation and semi-starvation.

All rich men are morally *monumental thieves*, because they take what morally belongs to other people—as, according to Common Sense, much less charity, one man should not have any more of this world's goods than another.

The Creator has given enough for all; but a few men get infinitely more than their share; therefore the many suffer all their lives from poverty.

Why should one man be rich, and another poor?

Why should one man dress in purple and fine linen, and another in rags?

Why should one man live in a palace, and another in a pig-pen?

Why should one man who never worked be rich, and the man who has slaved all his life be poor?

How can a rich man be "happy," knowing that the world is full of misery—caused by poverty, which he has the power, but not the disposition, to relieve?

The "way out" is to join the Socialists—(or practice socialism)—whose religion is to sympathize with and help the poor and distressed, as fully ninety per cent. of this world's misery is caused by poverty.

JNO. CONWAY, Socialist.

We do not take seriously this publication, which has been sent to us, presumptively, by the author. We report it only because it presents in a crude, extravagant, and disordered fashion ideas which

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in modified fashion are probably vaguely entertained either as an opinion or as a question by a good many persons. Treating the matter here rather as a question than as an opinion, we give answer to it.

Jesus Christ does not teach that all men ought to be equal in their conditions. He does not glorify poverty nor condemn wealth. He does not teach that it is wrong to possess wealth or to increase wealth. On the contrary, he explicitly teaches that the conditions of men are and ought to be different, as their intellectual and moral qualifications are different; that it is right to possess wealth and right to increase wealth, and even may be a duty so to do. He compares the kingdom of heaven to a certain lord who traveled into a far country, dividing certain property among his servants, giving to one five talents—the talent being a sum of money—to another two talents, to another one talent, "to every man according to his several ability." When he returns, the man who had received five talents and earned other five, and the man who had received two talents and earned other two, were commended. The man who had received one talent and done nothing to increase it was condemned. And it is clear that this judgment of the lord of the parable reflects the judgment of Christ who told the story.

What Christ condemns is not the possession of wealth nor the increasing of wealth, but the hoarding and misuse of wealth. He condemns the man who lays up his wealth in garments which the moth consumes, or in hoarded coin which the rust consumes. He condemns as a fool the farmer who, having his barns full to overflowing with the fruit of his harvest, does not know enough to market it and so give others the advantage of his possession by turning idle wealth into active wealth, but only proposes to build greater barns and sit down and enjoy himself in his accumulations. He condemns the man who spends his wealth upon himself, living in luxury, while the poor at his door go uncared for. The miser, the hoarder, the luxurious spender on himself, Christ condemns; but he does not condemn any man for either the possession or the increasing of wealth. The critic of modern society may think Christ's teaching wrong; if so, let him criticise it; but let him not misinterpret the teaching of Christ and endeavor to strengthen his own cause by his misinterpretation.

In our judgment, in this as in all other matters, the teachings of Jesus Christ concur with the teachings of common sense. Rich men are not "wholesale murderers," and the case of those who are dying of starvation rarely appeals to them in vain. All rich men are not "monumental thieves," because they do not all of them take what morally belongs to other people. In so far as they perceive the misery that there is in the world, their happiness is shadowed by the perception, but it is not in their power to prevent poverty, and they do a great deal to relieve it. If to be a Socialist is to sympathize with and help the poor and distressed, an overwhelming majority of the American people are Socialists, for an overwhelming majority of the American people sympathize with and in larger or lesser measure help the poor and the distressed. In the eight years 1892–99 nearly three hundred millions of dollars were given in charity to help the poor and the distressed, in sums of five thousand dollars or more, exclusive of all denominational contributions for all purposes and of all State and municipal appropriations and grants of Congress, a considerable portion of which latter sums was also contributed by the rich in taxes. To say, in the presence of this fact, that all rich men lack the disposition to relieve misery argues either a total ignorance of current history or a total indifference to facts.

But it is not by charity alone that rich men are saving the lives of women and children imperiled by starvation and semi-starvation. Charity can at the best but alleviate hunger; trade remedies it. The New York "Times" recently contained an interview with Mr. James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway Company, from which we extract the following paragraph:

> Within the next thirty years, if our population continues to increase at the same rate it is now doing, it will number a hundred and fifty millions. Of this number not more than one-third can be employed in the various trades and professions. The rest must go to the land. They will not settle in New England or in the South, but will spread out into the valleys of the Mississippi, Ohio, and Missouri, and will

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produce food. Now cross the Pacific, and what do we find? Millions of people who will buy what is necessary to sustain life. Owing to their small wages, they will want of us grain, provisions, raw cotton, etc. Here we have a big traffic proposition—to place the great staples of Central and Western America at the door of the Orient, and to bring back from the latter anything that we can use.

If Mr. Hill were to sell his railway properties and distribute the proceeds among the poor of China, or even the poor of America, the results of this distribution would be eaten up in a few weeks, or in a few months at the most, and the poverty would remain unchanged, to be relieved again by future benefactions. The history of the attempt of Imperial Rome in pagan times, and of Ecclesiastical Rome in the Middle Ages, to relieve poverty by this process sufficiently demonstrates the fact. If, on the other hand, Mr. Hill can carry out his purposes, establish railway and steamship lines which will carry the food-products of the Mississippi Valley to China, and there furnish food to millions of people, who will buy what is necessary to sustain life and give back in return from the products of their industry what America needs, he will have established a mechanism which will for all times prevent the starvation and the semi-starvation under the shadow of which the millions of China are always living. The rich men whose genius is directed to establishing and maintaining great industrial enterprises which furnish productive labor to the unemployed, and therefore furnish them with the means of livelihood, are doing immeasurably more to relieve distress than they possibly could do by the distribution of their wealth in the sort of charities which are demanded by such pseudo-Socialists as are represented by the leaflet which we have published above.

The rich ought to do all that they can by charity to relieve distress; they ought to do all that they can by their methods of conducting business to prevent distress. But when all is done there will remain inequalities in human conditions as there are inequalities in human character. There is no more reason why all men should be in the same condition than why they should all possess the same weight, or measure the same number of feet and inches in stature. Conditions will vary with character. It is right that they should vary with character. It is only by reason of the fact that they do vary with character that men are impelled to improve their character in order to improve their condition. It is true that some men get more than their share, sometimes owing to imperfect social organization, sometimes owing to dishonest practices. It is true that other men are inadequately paid for their labor, sometimes by reason of individual injustice. sometimes by reason of false social estimates of the relative value of labor; thus the work which confers material benefits on mankind is relatively overpaid, the work which confers intellectual and moral benefits on mankind is relatively underpaid. But to make the same payment for all forms of service would be to endeavor to correct frequent instances of specific injustice by one great and all-dominating injustice.

There is no virtue in poverty and no vice in wealth. There is no virtue in wealth and no vice in poverty. It is not honorable to be rich and disgraceful to be poor, nor disgraceful to be rich and honorable to be poor. If a man's wealth is the result of his temperance, his industry, his thrift, his inventive genius, his wealth testifies to his virtues; if it is due to his dishonesties, his oppressions, his robbery, legal or illegal, of other men, his wealth testifies to his vices. If his poverty is due to the fact that he preferred to go down into bankruptcy rather than save his fortune at the cost of those who had trusted him and at the cost of his own honor, his poverty is a testimony to his virtue; if his poverty is due to his idleness, his thriftlessness, his drunkenness, his poverty testifies to his vices. He who is poor and reviles the rich because they are rich indicates, if he does not demonstrate, that he also would be rich if he had the ability, that what he lacks is not disposition but capacity.

There are many definitions of Socialism. James Russell Lowell defines it thus: "Socialism means, or wishes to mean, co-operation and community of interests, sympathy; the giving to the hands, not so large a share as to the brain, but a larger share than hitherto, in the wealth they must combine to produce; means, in short, the practical application of Christianity to life, and has in it the secret of

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an orderly and benign reconstruction." If this be Socialism, then all Christians are Socialists. If, on the other hand, Socialism means what it is very generally thought to mean, the doctrine that the State ought to own all the tools and implements of industry, and direct all the industries, assigning work to men according to their ability and rewards to men according to their need; if it means taking the direction of organized industry out of the hands of captains of industry who have acquired their captaincy by their industrial ability, and putting it into the hands of political captains who have acquired their captaincy by their political ability, there is no reason to believe that the poor would be better off, or misery would be less, or wealth would be more equably distributed. The remedy for individual acts of justice perpetrated under the law is either better law, better enforcement of law, or a better public opinion. The remedy for such social injustice as inheres in the present social structure is a reform of the social organism. But there is no remedy for either in a wholesale denunciation of the rich or an indiscriminating glorification of the poor.

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A History of Prayer

We do not mean an account of prayer as it has been practiced among men, but a history in the individual, originating and centering in prayer. We know pretty well what we mean by the history of a nation. We have not as distinct an idea of the application of the word to an individual, and yet this concerns us far more intimately. We commonly mean that there has been something noteworthy or remarkable in his life, that he has met with surprising vicissitudes of danger, of disappointment, of success, has undergone those experiences that involve great decisions, severe struggles, courage, endurance. And always the most interesting and significant part of it is that which has taken place within. In every soul there is a development of character, but few understand it. In every life there are the elements of a tragedy, yet not many realize it, perhaps least of all when it is being played out to its end. They know the external features of their lives; they are hardly aware of what has passed within. They were born in such a town; they went to such a school; they worked for such a man; they learned such a trade, or they entered such a profession; they made their home, in such a year, in such a city, and so on. They can recall with more or less distinctness the uncertainties, the fears, the toils, which accompanied these several steps, without, however, noticing any continuity or causal connection between them, or their progress toward a moral end, so as to discern the fact of the history of the soul, which is more worthy of their attention, more decisive of their fate, than any loss or gain of fame or fortune. It is, after all, a poor and transient life, whatever its external fortunes, in which there is no well-defined interior history, in which there have been no inward conflicts moving the depths of the soul, no revolutions of thought, no regnancy of great ideals—even no downfall of ideals and the enthroning of others—no ardent discipleship, no experience of the sway of great men and the searching influence of great books.

The value of any life is in its spiritual history, and the deepest and most potent source of that history is prayer. Not prayers, not the habit of praying, but the prayer which involves ardent desires, great hopes, great ventures of faith, great solicitudes and great burdens; prayer that has recognized answers and undeniable victories, and power going forth from the life, power greater than from any other source. How many of us have this? Some men have—many in the aggregate, though few in comparison with all humanity. Such men have not simply prayed, day after day; they have "obtained promises," they have solved perplexities, they have won conquests, they have known depressions and exaltations, struggles and revolutions, losses and gains, which have marked the soul indelibly; they have received great forgiveness; have eradicated sins, have uprooted and established habits, have purified convictions, have ennobled knowledge, have sanctified affection, have glorified sacrifice. These experiences of prayer, in their continuity, and causal connection, and progress toward a definite consummation, constitute a history, the deepest and noblest history of the soul.

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It was the entrance into his life of such a history that transformed the patriarch Jacob. In this was the nobleness of Moses. We read this history in the life of Christ. And it is plain that Paul had such a history, as distinct as his journeys and conflicts and triumphs.

The greatest elements in personal history come through the consciousness of God, and that is the chief feature in this personal history of prayer. One may meet few great men, or none; may never have traveled, may hold no office, and carry no unusual responsibilities in the sight of men, and yet have a marked and noble inner history, because alive unto God.

No nation has a history that does not put forth power, nor has any man; and a history through prayer means the putting forth of the most far-reaching power the spirit can exercise. It was with the best reason that Coleridge declared that true prayer is the mightiest effort of which the mind of man is capable. The supremest history that the soul can achieve is a history of prayer.

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The Spectator

That utter depression of spirits, that collapse of endeavor, against which many of the most successful masters in art and letters have seemingly been helpless at times, has so long interested the Spectator that his notes upon the subject are quite voluminous, and are for him, at least, the best of remedies for a fit of the blues. Barnyard geese brooding over their environment cackle again, we may believe, when a sense of their kinship with swans, perhaps eagles, is somehow quickened and stimulated. There are times when it is a reviving tonic for the Spectator to read how Michael Angelo, when painting the Great Judgment, shut himself apart, refusing to see any one, declaring he would die alone; how Tennyson sulked and Carlyle pouted, and how Byron in his later years could not believe that he was himself of a morning if he did not wake in a fit of despair.

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But is not a sure preventive far better than any eradication for an evil? The Spectator knows of no better preventive, and cure as well, for depression—for that worst form called the constitutional phase—than the kindergarten. Nor is he prescribing for children, admitting as he must that in the children of these latter days a tendency to melancholia is to be seen. He has only the old folk in mind, without exclusion of those whose success in life makes their fits of depression hard to understand. How often the highest use of a thing is other than that primarily intended! The full mission of the ideal kindergarten—that of the public school and the slums especially—is as yet, the Spectator thinks, scarcely discovered. When the manuscript comes back, declined with thanks, when your soul's best fruit lies scorned in the market-place (that is, when your novel does not sell, etc., etc.), go straight to the kindergarten, and, lest you make the mistake the Spectator did the other morning, bear in mind the lesson he there learned.

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The children were "speaking pieces;" not from the platform, for this is an ideal kindergarten; they were reciting as they stood in the circle, and as naturally as they would have spoken to each other, the simple verses they had memorized as helps to being happy and good. The Spectator was not the only visitor, but the children were oblivious to aught outside the circle until his mistake announced his presence. A little girl whose mouth had been sadly disfigured through sucking her thumb, although she was heroically striving to master her habit, pitched her shrill voice on a high key and gave the following in one breath:

"Be careful not to suck your thumb;
Be careful not to slam the door;
Be careful when the callers come
To take your toys from off the floor."

Of course the Spectator clapped his hardest, and the visitor next him used his cane to good effect. It was a prolonged, persistent encore, at which the children laughed and clapped their hands; whereupon the director left the circle and addressed the visitors firmly but sweetly. She was surprised that they did not know that in kindergarten exercises applause was out of place—contrary to the ethics of the system entirely; sympathetic appreciation was one thing, and what stimulated

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competition for praise was quite another. "Our simple recitations must not become for the timid and incapable the cruel ordeals they might be. To do their best without thought of applause, that is what we strive to impress upon the children, in all they undertake. So please, Mr. Spectator, refrain in the future from clapping your hands."

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And so deliverance from the cult of the conspicuous is promised at last, and through the ethics of the kindergarten. How many of the Spectator's contemporaries will rejoice with him in the dawning of a day when the reward for endeavor will not be according to the noise called forth "from all the bagpipes of the squeaking train"! "That educational system," say the prophets of the kindergarten, "which shall be sustained in withholding from the child the *sauce piquante* of applause whenever he excels in any way, and which will not tolerate competition for the loudest encore, is to bring in a better day for humanity through its wise discipline of the ego of the rising generation."

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But, asks the Spectator, has spontaneous enthusiasm no rights whatever? Soon after the lecture at the kindergarten, he heard a sermon that helped him to answer that question. The preacher spoke of a man, well known in the community, who for twenty-five years and more had sacrificed every self-interest for the public good, and who had silently laid down his work at last, but not until his strength had been unequal to its best doing. He had recently gone from among them unnoticed, unthanked. "You may build beautiful churches, and sermons as eloquent as those of St. Chrysostom may be preached from your pulpits, but if you do not such works as this man did, the rest is vanity. Let us call him back, and in some public way testify to our love for his goodness, our veneration for his unselfish life."

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To all of which the people said amen, and a great multitude who read the report of the eloquent sermon as well. How should their sincere appreciation be expressed? A call for a public meeting, signed by the leading clergy—the Jewish rabbi and a venerated Roman Catholic priest leaders in the movement—was largely attended. The addresses dwelt upon the self-effacement of the man whose retirement meant a loss of inspiration to his former co-laborers. "He was truly an apostle to the goats; we are all ready enough to look after the sheep who go astray, but for the worthless goats, he was the man." "We owe it to ourselves, and to the youth of our city, that such a conspicuous example of humble, unselfish personal service should not remain unhonored." But here was the difficulty: he had always been impatient under praise; he was, in fact, one of those singular beings who had a marked dislike for applause. Having finished his work among them, he had gone away fully content at not hearing any clapping of hands, and the Spectator, for one, could not help thinking it was all in the divine harmony of his life and its work.

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A committee was appointed to answer the hard question, "How may this community best express its appreciation of the faithful service of —— ——?" He had left them a poor man. "The capitalists of this city could not repay him for what he has done for good and righteousness." "It were folly to give him money; no matter what the amount, he would spend it all in no time upon the needy—the scapegoats getting the most of it." A year in Europe? Then a guardian must go with him and enforce rest, or he would take up his old work over there, and spend his last penny without a thought of how he was ever to get home. A loving-cup? "He would hide it under a bushel." Plainly that committee have a serious matter on their hands, and the Spectator is impatient to know their ultimate decision. Of this he is sure: that when the Apostle, in his secluded haven of rest on the seashore, hears the prolonged clapping of hands, he will say something like what General Sherman was often heard to growl at the cheering of the regiments when he rode along the lines: "Make them stop that noise; I don't like it"—his worn face lighting up all the same.

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Seen in Germany

By Ray Stannard Baker

THE American who travels in Germany soon makes the discovery that he has never known what it really means to be governed. He has always felt a calm assurance in the superiority of his system of public administration, and he has paid with liberality for the privilege of having a President, a Governor, a Mayor, and a ward Boss, yet he has hardly known that he was governed! But there is no such uncertainty here in the Fatherland. For every pfennig that the German pays in taxes he expects and receives a pfennig's worth of government. He enjoys being looked after, and if he fails to hear the whirring of the wheels of public administration he feels that something has gone wrong.

From the moment of landing on German soil the American begins to feel a certain spirit of repression which seems to pervade the land. At first it gives him an uncomfortable impression of being watched; he feels the wild West in him slowly suffocating; he had not realized before that he was especially wild Western. But he soon finds that his attitude of mind is undergoing a change. The brooding spirit of government no longer harasses him, and he finds himself engaged in a humorous quest for "verbotens."[1]

He begins to see the philosophy of all this government. It relieves him of a load of responsibility to have his conduct made clear for him by rules and regulations. He feels grateful to the government which informs him in a plainly printed sign that the water in this trough is for horses, not for men. In America he would be compelled to decide for himself, and he might make the mistake of allowing his horse to drink from a man's trough. When he walks in the park it is a comfort to have the seats labeled clearly, "For Children," "For Nurses with Children Only," and "For Adults Only." Thus the stranger goes through Germany learning rules, and after a time it becomes a passion to trace out all the minute ramifications of administrative supervision. One may travel a long time in Germany and go home with the comfortable feeling that there are still undiscovered regulations awaiting another visit. There is one drawback, however, to the full enjoyment of the quest for verbotens. It may be expressed in a simple rule: Always discover the verboten before you are discovered. This rule, if observed, will save the traveler much annoyance. An absent-minded friend of mine crossed a bridge at Stettin on the left side, not knowing that this was one of the verbotens. He was taken with much solemnity before a magistrate and fined 50 pfennigs (12 cents). He felt that the experience was cheap at the price. The best way to discover verbotens is to ride on a bicycle; they appear, painted large, at every turn, and if you ride far enough you will conclude that all the especially interesting byways are particularly verboten, and that verboten is a kind of profanity used by German policemen.

I never have seen the statute-books of Germany, but they must be voluminous beyond comparison, for there is a law regulating almost every conceivable human activity. If a thing is not mentioned in the law books, it is to be presumed that it has no existence. As a consequence, odd things happen in Germany. Early in the year 1900 a company of capitalists began operating automobile 'buses in Berlin—big, glittering caravans, which tooted up and down the streets like so many steam locomotives, running at a rate of speed double that of the ordinary trams. Theoretically the German dislikes being hurried, but practically and individually he is quite as pleased as the American to save five or ten minutes on the journey to his office in the morning. As a result, the new automobiles did such a flourishing business that the other tram companies, which had long been compelled by stringent laws to limit the speed of their cars, made complaint to the police.

There must have followed a great searching of the statute-books. Every sort of vehicle, from a wheelbarrow up,

[1] Verboten, forbidden.

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was mentioned and regulated, but there was not a word about the automobile 'bus. Consequently there was nothing to do but to let it pursue its wild career until such time as a law could be devised and passed. And this, like everything in connection with the Government, was a matter of deliberation, so that, by the time authority was bestowed upon the police to limit the speed of the new vehicles, the automobile company had cut in heavily on its competitors and had firmly established its position. Exactly the same thing happened when the bicycle was first introduced in Germany. For months bicycle-riders rode when and where they pleased, tipped over pedestrians, and generally demoralized the police; now they are regulated out of all comfort. There is a great fortune awaiting the Yankee who will introduce flying-machines in Germany and sell out before the machinery of the law overtakes him.

A stranger in Germany soon makes the acquaintance of the police, little as he may desire it. A German Socialist once said, "It takes half of all the Germans to control the other half;" and one who sees Germany's immense army, her cloud of officials, great and small, and her omniscient policemen, is inclined to believe that the Socialist was right. You have been in Germany a week, more or less, when the policeman calls. At first you cannot believe that he is really after you, and then your mind runs back guiltily over your past. He takes out his little book—one of a small library of little books which he carries in his blouse—and inquires your age, your nationality, and how long you intend to stay. You learn subsequently that a record of every person in the Empire is carefully kept, with full details as to his occupation, material wealth, and social standing. If you move into a new house, you must notify the police; if you move out, you must notify the police; if you hire a servant-girl, you must purchase a yellow blank and report the fact, the girl also making a report. When she leaves, you must send in a green blank stating why she is dismissed, where she is going, and so on. If you fail in any one of these multitudinous requirements of the Government—and I have mentioned only a few of them—there is a fine to pay, each fine graduated to the enormity of the offense. There are offenses graded as low as two cents.

This parental system of watchfulness and supervision by the police has made every German neighborhood a sort of whispering gallery. Within a few days after you move into new apartments you find that nearly every one in the block, from the milkman up, knows who you are, what your business is, and how long you expect to remain, and your place in the social scale is fixed once for all with mathematical precision. And directly you begin to pay taxes, for the police have learned in some mysterious manner just how much money you have in the bank and where it comes from; if you are earning a salary, they also hear about that, and all these facts speedily reach your neighbors. A New England town with two sewing societies is not to be compared for an instant with a German neighborhood for sociability.

On the other hand, the labeling and cataloguing of the population enable the police to watch the criminal classes and to keep them in subjection to an extent quite astonishing. German cities are safer for strangers, perhaps, than any other in the world. In the same way close police supervision in the matter of garbage disposal, street litter, sewage, and so on, has been a factor in giving Germany a well-deserved reputation for clean, healthy cities. I have seen a policeman stop a man and order him to pick up a bit of paper which he had thrown into the street.

And there is this comforting thing to be said about the activity of the police. In America the other man is always elbowing you in street-cars, crowding in ahead of you at the theater ticket-window, and in general making city life uncomfortable. But the German has regulated the other man into comparative respectability. For instance, each 'bus and car is plainly labeled on the outside with the number of seats which it contains, and signs on the front and rear platforms show how many persons may find standing after the seats have all been occupied. And when once the car is filled not another person is allowed to enter. You see, also, on the end of each car a little metallic rack with numbered compartments where smokers may leave their cigars as they enter.

Another rule in some cities requires an

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opera-goer who takes a cab to pay the driver his fare in advance, so that there may be no crowding and delays of the cabs at the door of the opera-house. Indeed, the whole cab-service of Germany is regulated in a way to make the American envious of German institutions. In most cities a large proportion of the cabs are provided with "taximeters"—little dials placed in front of the seat and so arranged that they indicate just how much the passenger owes at any given time. For instance, when you take a cab in Berlin the indicator shows a charge of fifty pfennigs (twelve cents) as soon as you take your seat, and as you drive the figures change ten pfennigs at a time, and when you are ready to stop you pay the sum indicated by the dial—no more, no less. Thus there is no chance for extortion on the part of the cabman, and no disagreement as to charges, a feature of disagreeable prominence in London and Paris. And it may be said in passing that the charges are generally very low compared with those in American cities.

Indeed, there are not many things in Germany that the Government doesn't own or control, or at least influence. When you travel you must buy your ticket of the Government, for the Government owns all the railroad lines; you eat Government sandwiches at the station; you send a telegram over Government wires. Your letters, of course, go by Government post, but so do your express packages, and it may be said for the Germans that their conveniences for sending packages and money cheaply by mail are much more perfect than ours. Packages may also be ordered and sent (collect on delivery) by mail for a small fee, the postman collecting the money from the purchaser and returning it to the seller, a system which greatly facilitates business in the Empire by doing away with much letter-writing and the expense of mailing bills and checks. In the same way the Germans have perfected an unequaled system for the quick delivery of messages in large cities. In Berlin one may purchase what is known as a rohr-postcard for twenty-five pfennigs (six cents), write a message containing as many words as the card will hold, and it will be specially delivered almost anywhere in the city within an hour. It is better by far and cheaper than the telephone, for only a comparatively few people have telephones; it is quicker and much less expensive than the telegraph. It may be said in passing, also, that ordinary postal cards may be sent in German cities for two pfennigs—less than half a cent.

In Germany the Government owns the greatest opera-houses, and if you would hear the best music you must listen to musicians who are paid from the public treasury. A Government minister preaches in the Government-owned church which you attend on Sunday, and if you are a student in a university the professor who lectures to you is a Government official. Sometimes you can even trace the Government inspector's stamp on the chop served at your restaurant. Then there are the cherries, the big, luscious red cherries which come when you order a *compôte* with your meat. These, you hear, are called "imperial cherries," and you learn that the Government has embarked, with rare frugality, in the business of fruit-raising. Along each side of the Government railroad tracks there is a strip of land which is utilized in places by planting rows of cherry-trees. These are cultivated with care, and no improper little German boys ever climb up and steal the fruit. In the fall the Empire or the Kingdom gathers its cherry crop and takes it to market, and later the imperial cherries appear as *compôte* to delight the German palate and suggest the all-sufficiency of the Governmental machinery. The profits are credited in the State revenues. I did hear that an account was kept with each separate cherry-tree, but one isn't compelled to believe all he hears, even though it is characteristic.

All government in Germany smacks strongly of the military camp. Many of the officials, especially those of the lower grades, such as policemen, firemen, and so on, are old soldiers who have won their places in civil life by years of faithful service as non-commissioned officers in the army. They have all the methodical habits of the barracks, and very naturally they look upon the public as a great awkward squad to be cajoled into subjection and proper discipline. The awkward squad in this case submits the more easily because every man in Germany has served his time in the army and knows how to put up with the exactions of non-commis-

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sioned martinets. Indeed, the exactness and order, the minuteness of regulation, and the infinite detail of military life pervade the entire social fabric of Germany. Everything from beer-drinking up goes by rule, and most of these rules have been set forth in books or pamphlets with the characteristic thoroughness of the Teuton.

I shall not soon forget the dazzling effect presented by a fine-looking, soldierly German whom I saw coming down Unter den Linden at noonday in a full-dress suit, a tall hat, and white kid gloves. No one seemed at all surprised at his appearance, and I learned afterward that he was probably some new Government official going to pay his respects to his chief, and that every detail of his costume was prescribed in the written order which summoned him. A foreigner in Germany is certain to make the most amusing mistakes in the matter of formality and informality of dress. It may be said in passing that a German set dinner is a horror of formality, but it is quite worth while for the excellence of the French cooking. On the other hand, a German beer-garden is the acme of sociability and kindliness, a kind of easy familiarity and simple enjoyment by the side of which almost any English or American dinner is icy with dignity. For the Germans know how to enjoy their food and drink.

An English lady, the wife of a famous scientist, gave me an amusing account of her experience at a reception given by the wife of a German professor. As soon as she came into the room she was invited to a place on a huge, soft sofa, standing in a prominent place at one side of the room. She much preferred a chair, because it would be not only less conspicuous but much more comfortable. But when she would have taken an empty chair, to her astonishment it was promptly removed and occupied by one of the German women, and she was finally compelled to take a seat on the sofa. Presently another English lady of rank appeared, and the wife of the scientist was promptly invited to leave the sofa and take a chair, and the newcomer, by hook and crook, was induced to occupy the sofa. Afterward all these proceedings were made plain; the sofa was the place of honor beyond all others, and it must be occupied by the most important lady present whether she liked it or not.

Then there is the fine art of bowing. In Germany you lift your hat to men as well as to women. If you meet General Schmoller, you raise your hat high and bring it down to your knees with a full sweep of the arm; if you meet Herr Schmitt, who is your social equal, you tip your hat as much as he does his—and no more; whereas if you meet your tailor, you respond to his low bow by the merest touch of recognition. To the initiated every man proclaims his social position at every step by his bowing. One must remove his hat when he enters a store, though, strangely enough, the same man who stands uncovered while he is purchasing a pair of gloves will wear his hat in the café next door. The Englishman, whose neck is proverbially stiff in the matter of bowing, always leaves behind him the smoke of offense when he leaves a German shop, for he has invariably forgotten to remove his hat. The German storekeeper is the soul of politeness. He rushes out to open the door for you when you leave, and whether you have bought anything or not he has an appreciative "thank you" ready for you. Indeed, the spirit of thanks is one of the pleasant things which the stranger encounters in Germany. The elevator boy who takes you up to your room thanks you heartily when you become his guest; the waiter thanks you when he takes your order; the barber thanks you when you sit down in his chair. And I am sure that this is not done merely with a view to ultimate tips, for many Germans tip very sparingly; it seems to me that it proceeds rather from a very genuine friendliness which I have seen manifested in so many other pleasant ways in Germany.

Speaking of the shops of Germany, nothing could be finer than the window displays of the book, art, and flower stores; they are fine even after Paris, especially in Munich and Dresden, and they are brilliant compared with the ugly displays in London. One walking up a city street in Berlin for the first time is irresistibly attracted by the splendid window shows, not only of books and works of art, but of all sorts of other things, and by and by he is so far tempted that he enters the shop. And what a disappoint-

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ment! From the appearance of the window he has anticipated greater glories within, but here is a stuffy, dim little shop, ill arranged, overcrowded, and often dusty. And like as not he finds that the greater part of the merchant's stock is in the window, a part of that magnificent display, and that when he asks to see a piece of goods the clerk must go crawling into the window after it. Of course there are fine shops in Germany, but they are not plentiful.

One day in a German book-store I picked up a book of rules for drinking beer; it was a good thick book, and it must have required not a little study to master it. Afterwards I found how thoroughly some of these rules were observed. There are regular formulæ of words to be followed, all set down in clear type, so that even a wayfarer, though a fool, may properly express his sentiments to his beer-drinking companions. When you wish to drink with a friend you say "Prosit" and you look him in the eye. If he feels thirsty, he says, "I come immediately;" if he wishes to delay the response, he says, "I come soon;" but he must not forget you; when next he drinks you are the friend with whom he "comes." And sometimes the German rises to propose the company, and he says, "I drink my bloom," whereupon the entire company drinks the bloom; or, if he be exceedingly thirsty, he says, "I drink my bloom and that which hangs thereto"—and he empties off his glass. There may be small men in the party to whom "that which hangs thereto" may be more than sufficient, but if they wish to be strictly polite they must not leave a drop. These are only a few among hundreds of rules observed most rigidly among the students and in the drinking clubs.

One evening I walked out to a little tavern among the Thuringian hills, one of those quiet places at the end of a beautiful stroll which the German loves. It was a curious old place, smoky-raftered and hung with prints half a century old. The long tables were filled with men and women and a sprinkling of children, and the beer flowed free. Along in the evening a white-bearded old man came around and distributed a leaflet on which was printed a German song. After every one was supplied the old man struck a gong, and at once the whole party began to sing with right good will—joyously and unaffectedly. There were, as I knew, solid German citizens and business men in the company, as well as students and workmen with their wives, for a German beer resort is nothing if not democratic. All these sang together and enjoyed it well, stopping at places indicated in the song by the words "bier-pause," and after a long look into the tall wooden mugs they sang again. It was really delightful enough in its entire simplicity and complete sociability, but the sentiment of the songs—and there were many of them—was amusing enough to a stranger. They were not singing love ditties, nor national hymns, nor yet music-hall ballads. Each song was the work of a local poet, and it expressed in high-flown language the glories of this particular beer-place; how good the beer was; how jolly and benevolent and honest the host was; what a splendid view there was from the windows; how sweet the barmaid looked, and such sausages as she served! And, business men and all, they sang the glories of the place for an hour or more, and then they walked home in the cool of the evening, sober but sociable.

The German has not reached the point of revolt against advertising. Like everything else, advertising is limited by law; the cities provide certain large wooden columns at street intersections upon which placards may be pasted, and the streets are not disfigured by dead-walls bearing patent-medicine advertisements. One coming into New York or any other American city must perforce be impressed with the virtues of somebody's soap or pain-killer, painted in letters that seem to fill the landscape, and in London the trams and 'buses are one mass of traveling advertisements. This disfigurement is unknown in Germany, and yet the Germans have their own effective methods of proclaiming the excellence of their wares. Look at the gimcrack toy which your boy is playing with and you will find upon it the words "Made in Germany," and if you travel in Germany you will find that you are very persistently plied with circulars and pamphlets by post and otherwise. Last summer Barnum's circus visited Germany for the first time, and brought with it American methods of

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advertising. I am not exaggerating when I say that Barnum paralyzed the Germans—both paralyzed and scandalized them. They didn't think it possible for any business enterprise to make so much noise; it was positively undignified. For Barnum bought up store windows and store fronts by the hundreds, and his enormous colored prints, such as had never before been seen in Germany, told the wonders of the show to gaping multitudes. They disapproved of all this, but they went to the show. I heard complaints afterwards that the circus was too big; they felt that they were losing money when there were performances in three rings and they could see only one at a time.

The Germans, as a rule, disapprove of all foreigners, especially the English and French, and during our Spanish war they hated us most ardently. I don't know that the Germans are peculiar in this respect; every country thinks best of its own. But the individual German ordinarily treats a stranger with the greatest kindness and hospitality. I have had a hundred examples of this. Curiously enough, the ordinary German—I do not refer to the educated classes—cannot tell foreigners apart, not even a Frenchman from an Englishman, except, of course, those Germans who live on the French border. The reason for this is simple enough. Unlike New York, for instance, where all the races of the earth dwell together in unity, Berlin and most other German cities are most uncosmopolitan. The proportion of foreign residents is exceedingly small, so that the Germans have had little experience in distinguishing nationalities. Recently, however, Italians have appeared in Germany to do such hard manual labor as they do in New York.

The German experiences especial difficulty in distinguishing Americans from Englishmen. Several times during the Boer war, when the anti-British feeling was strongest, street boys called after us, "English, English, poison-throwers," no doubt referring to the throwing of lyddite shells by the British forces in South Africa.

But I heard of one German who knew an American every time he saw him. He was a professor of ethnology—a gentle, absent-minded old man, who wore thick prism glasses that made his eyes stare out blue and big, giving him a look of perpetual astonishment. He had made a study of the craniums of his American students, and it was amusing enough to find that he looked upon Americans, as a class, as incipient red Indians. He had formed the curious theory that all Americans, owing to the nature of their climate and other conditions of environment, were gradually acquiring the characteristics of the Indian aborigines—high cheek-bones, straight, coarse hair, and a bronze-colored complexion. I learned that he sometimes stopped Americans on the streets and requested the privilege of examining their cheek-bones, always with a look of humorous astonishment. I suppose that in time we shall have a voluminous and learned monograph on the subject, done as only a German professor can do it.

The ordinary German has a rather hazy idea of America and Americans, although it is perhaps as clear as the ordinary English idea. He knows Milwaukee, for he has a cousin there; he knows Hoboken, for that is where the German ships land; and he has heard of Niagara Falls and Chicago. The only Americans I ever heard mentioned—not, of course, among the educated people, who are tolerably familiar with things American—were Carl Schurz, Dewey, and McKinley. The Spanish-American war did more than anything has ever done to educate Europe on American affairs. Previous to 1898 they heard of our lynchings, train-robberies, political dishonesty, and international marriages, which confirmed them in the view that we are vulgar, energetic, and rich; but now the papers contain a good deal of American news. All Americans, it may be said in passing, are still regarded as rich.

An English-speaking stranger in Germany is astonished by the wide knowledge of his language, and not only among hotel porters, waiters, and others who have special need to cater to the tourist element, but among business men who seldom meet tourists, among shopkeepers, barbers, and, of course, professors, military officers, and so on. An ordinary tourist who wishes merely to see the country has little need of knowledge of the German language. English is the

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greatest of commercial languages, with a world-wide use, and it is quite necessary to business enterprise, especially in foreign countries, for the German to be able to speak English fluently. As a result, thousands of young Germans go to Great Britain every year and serve an apprenticeship in English business houses, barber-shops, restaurants, hotels, and so on, gaining a knowledge of the language and of the weights and measures, and at the same time study business methods generally. Indeed, England has unintentionally given much of the instruction which has enabled the German to win some of his greatest business triumphs of recent years, so that the pupil now threatens the commercial supremacy of the master. During this preliminary service in England the German is willing to work for little or nothing, considering his occupation in the light of an educational course. Thus London is brimful of Germans—barber-shops with only an English-speaking proprietor, restaurants that swarm with German waiters, and shops that employ German workmen. Of late years many German boys go to Ireland to learn the language, and acquire at the same time the Irish middle-class opinion of England, which they cherish and propagate on their return to their native land. Perhaps that is one of the sources of German dislike for the Englishman. Another thing that the German boy acquires in Ireland is a rich and varied brogue, and one of the most amusing things one hears in Germany is the waiter who speaks German-Irish-English. A music-hall comedian who could adequately imitate this combination, as I have frequently heard it, would certainly make his fortune. Next to this in ludicrousness is the cockney English of many porters and waiters—learned, I have no doubt, within the sound of Bow Bells. Much of the language acquirements of the waiter class is, however, barely skin deep. Talk about food, forks, and fees, and the waiter understands instantly, but ask him a question outside of the realm of the dining-room and he is lost, and so are you. Some Germans of the better class come to America to learn the language, but this, as I understand, is looked upon with disfavor, for many of those who come never return, finding undreamed-of business chances in America, to say nothing of plenty of German society.

A hundred and one small things point significantly to the recent remarkable developments in Germany—and they are quite as convincing as the difficult Government statistics of industrial progress, exports, and growth of population. In no fewer than three hotels at which I stopped I was lighted to bed with an old-fashioned candle in a quaint brass candlestick, and in each case the porter apologized and explained that they were just then fitting the building with electricity, and that in another month or more every room would have its own incandescent lamps. We in America have been content to take our progress more slowly. From the candle stage we rose to the kerosene-oil lamp, and from that we drifted to the gaslight stage, and that in turn was superseded by electricity. But the German has made a swift leap from dim candlehood to the blaze of electric-light-hood—and not only in hotels, but in private houses and business buildings. In the same way the transit system of many German cities has been suddenly transformed from crude lumbering 'buses drawn by horses to the most approved electric cars and automobiles, skipping entirely the intermediary stages of horse tram-cars, cable-cars, and often passing even the trolley stage, and springing at once to the underground wire or storage system. When the German made up his mind to advance, he advanced all the way; he took no half measures! An American engineer who was visiting Germany after an absence of three years told me that the great cities, especially Hamburg, Berlin, Nuremberg, and a few others, actually seemed made over in the short time since his last visit. "Lightning has literally struck Germany," he said, and he pointed out how the cities blazed with electricity—streets, show windows, hotels, restaurants, and private dwellings. Berlin is brilliant compared with London. Indeed, no country in the world, not even the United States, is advancing more rapidly in electrical development than Germany.

Then there is the matter of the development of the mechanical sense among the people at large. I sometimes think that we Americans are becoming a race of

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mechanics. We are surrounded by machines of more or less intricate mechanism, and we learn to operate them, take them apart, and repair them; the principles of machinery are coming to us with our grammar and geography. We have bicycles, sewing-machines, phonographs; we play on pianos by machinery; our farmers are literally surrounded by machines; we talk by telephone and use call-bells; we speak of currents and cut-offs, dynamos and batteries, with easy familiarity; we ride in machines and we write with machines. And Germany seems to be following in the same direction. Nearly every town of any consequence in Germany has one or more agencies for American sewing-machines and for the American kodak. Bicycles and tricycles are everywhere, and motor-carriages can be seen in the streets of most of the cities. All large new buildings are being fitted with elevators and call-bell systems, though in most cases the elevators are very tame affairs in the matter of speed. Indeed, so new is the elevator that there exists a humorous confusion of names. In some places it goes by the English name "lift;" in some by the American name "elevator;" in others by the French term; while the patriotic Germans call it, in some instances, "fahrstuhl," and in others "aufzug." The slot-machine has also had a remarkable development in Germany. At many railroad stations, if one wishes to go out on the platform to meet a friend, he must, perforce, drop a 10-pfennig piece (2½ cents) in a slot-machine and draw a ticket. He may buy unlimited postal cards, candy, and gimcracks at slot-machines, and he may drop the equivalent of a penny in the slot and hear phonographic music or see moving pictures. But the most notable development of all is the automatic restaurant. There are several of these curious institutions in Berlin, two very fine ones in Friedrich Strasse, and they are also to be found in other German cities. They are large, brilliantly fitted rooms, with metal and glass walls which contain a great number of pockets and slots. Supposing you want a glass of beer and a sandwich, you drop your 20-pfennig piece in the proper beer-place, and, having set a glass underneath a spout, you turn a handle, and immediately your glass is foaming full. Then you cross the room to the sandwich department, where, through a glass wall, you may see all the varieties of sandwiches in stock. When you have selected the kind you wish, a coin in the slot will cause it to drop out on a little shelf and thence to a plate or into your hand. Should you desire coffee, milk, salad, cold meat, preserves, and in some cases warm dishes, they are all to be had for the dropping of a coin, and the food furnished is well cooked and fresh. Tables are provided at which one may stand or sit and eat his lunch. One would think that such institutions would in no wise attract the leisurely German, who loves to sit long over his beer and sausages, but they are quite as popular as our own quick-lunch restaurants, being especially crowded in the evenings.

I had the pleasure while in Berlin of visiting the factory where the Mauser rifle, the best known of military small arms, is made. It is a huge plant, fitted with hundreds of lathes, boring-machines, screw-making machines, and so on, and what was my astonishment to see on nearly all of the machines the name of a well-known Connecticut manufacturer. These Connecticut machines made the rifles with which the Spaniards shot our soldiers at San Juan and El Caney. Indeed, a great manufacturing establishment in Berlin is engaged solely in the manufacture of machinery of various sorts from American models. In science we have learned much from the Germans; in machinery the Germans are learning much from us. And this introduction of labor-saving devices is going on all over the Empire to a degree which can hardly be realized by a foreigner; it is one of the causes of the greatly increased output of German factories.

As a whole, the new Germany gives an observer the impression of tremendous activity and vitality, of change and improvement. One who visits the ancient town of Nuremberg looking only for the quaint evidences of mediæval grandeur and power will be astonished by the signs of present-day enterprise—the smoking chimneys, the roaring street traffic, the busy shops, the brilliant lights. Nuremberg is Western and progressive—and yet not more so than the other great cities of Germany. Berlin has been growing more rapidly in the last decade than Chicago. In the twenty years from 1875 to 1895

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the city more than doubled its population, while Hamburg gained 146 per cent., Munich 140 per cent., and Leipsic, famed once for its sleepy streets and ancient university, made the remarkable gain of 263 per cent. Expansion and prosperity are everywhere—splendid new buildings and factories, new ships, new canals, new railroads. No man of the present age is more fully alive to his own powers, his interests, his weaknesses, than the German, and none is struggling harder to advance along all lines of human development. The Englishman has gone to sleep, content with his own commercial supremacy and greatness; the American is not yet fully awake to his own power; the Frenchman frets himself with visions of a greatness that is gone; but the German is fully alive to every world condition, establishing banks and business in South America, buying islands of Spain, boldly taking the lead in the Chinese troubles, extending his colonies in Africa, preparing to absorb Austria and possibly Asia Minor, building a splendid new navy, stretching the lines of his merchant marine around the world, and putting his manufactured products into the homes of every nation on earth. Germany has laid the foundation of her industries on the bed-rock of science and thorough technical education, to a degree equaled by no other nation. Thirty years ago coal-tar was almost unknown to German industry; between 1877 and 1890 no fewer than eight hundred patents were taken out on coal-tar derivatives, and in 1898 the industries connected with the utilization of coal-tar—a former waste material—yielded over $17,000,000 in products. That is a sample of what the intelligent practical application of science has done. Fifty years ago the German was the world's typical dreamer, musician, poet, scholar; then he became the world's philosopher, scientist, and educator; and now he is appearing as a great man of affairs, of world politics, of giant industries.

Yet no great nation in the world to-day is perplexed with such weighty and difficult problems, relating both to external and internal affairs, as Germany. No great nation is torn by such diversities of opinion regarding economic and political questions; none presents such seemingly irreconcilable contrasts and changing relationships. In the cities, for instance, there exists a fierce socialistic and often revolutionary spirit, and opposed to this is the obstinate conservatism of the aristocratic Agrarians or landowners (Junkers), the latter demanding protection to agriculture with higher duties on imported foodstuffs, and the former, the wage-workers, demanding free trade and cheaper food. Between these two powerful opponents in the social and political scale there lies seemingly a bottomless chasm, and it needs all the astuteness and power of the Government, even with such a man as the young Emperor at its head, to keep them together until Germany shall have developed a large and sensible middle class. Here also is the old German tendency to free thought and high culture set over against a Government that will not permit free speech, a free press, or free assemblage for the discussion of certain questions of administration and politics, a Government that punishes with an iron hand for *lèse-majesté*. Here is a vast and bloated militarism standing in contrast to a professed desire and a real need of peace—a huge army and navy costing millions in taxes, and taking half a million men from agriculture and the industries when there are not enough laborers to till the fields. Yet an army Germany must have, for jealous enemies crowd close on every side. The nation itself is hardly yet a nation; it is made up of many States, each more or less jealous of the others; the Catholics of the south distrust the Lutherans of the north, the Saxon dislikes the Prussian, and the Bavarian suspects both; then there are half-loyal Poles in East Germany, French in the Rhine country, Danes in Schleswig-Holstein. From all these diverse elements of population loyalty, if it proceed not from desire, is demanded by force. It is a constant struggle between the centrifugal force exerted by twenty-five States, which only thirty years ago were separate sovereignties, and the centripetal force of the powerful Prussian monarchy, with an iron-handed Hohenzollern at its head. More than one prophet during the past thirty years who has seen all these dark problems has predicted the speedy downfall of German political institutions, yet Germany still stands, a great and powerful nation.

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The Man from Glengarry

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

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Chapter X.—The Home-Coming of the Shantymen

FOR some weeks Ranald was not seen by any one belonging to the Manse. Hughie reported that he was not at church, nor at Bible class, and, although this was not in itself an extraordinary thing, still Mrs. Murray was uneasy, and Hughie felt that church was a great disappointment when Ranald was not there.

In their visits to Macdonald Dhu the minister and his wife never could see Ranald. His Aunt Kirsty could not understand or explain his reluctance to attend the public services, nor his unwillingness to appear in the house on the occasion of the minister's visits. "He is busy with the fences and about the stables preparing for the spring's work," she said, "but, indeed, he is very queer whatever, and I cannot make him out at all." Macdonald Dhu himself said nothing. But the books and magazines brought by the minister's wife were always read. "Indeed, when once he gets down to his book," his aunt complained, "neither his bed nor his dinner will move him."

The minister thought little of the boy's "vagaries," but to his wife came many an anxious thought about Ranald and his doings. She was more disappointed than she cared to confess, even to herself, that the boy seemed to be quite indifferent to the steadily deepening interest in spiritual things that marked the members of her Bible class.

While she was planning how to reach him once more, an event occurred which brought him nearer to her than he had ever been before. As they were sitting one evening at tea, the door unexpectedly opened, and, without announcement, in walked Ranald, splashed with hard riding, pale, and dazed. Without a word of reply to the greetings that met him from all at the table, he went straight to the minister's wife, handed her an opened letter, and stood waiting. It was addressed to Ranald himself, and was the first he had ever received in his life. It was from Yankee Jim, and read as follows:

Dear Ranald—The Boss aint feelin like ritin much and the rest of the boys is all broke up, and so he told me to rite to you and to tell you some purty bad news. I don't know how to go about it, but the fact is, Mack Cameron got drownded yesterday tryin to pull a little fool of a Frenchman out of the river just below the Lachine. We'd just got through the rough water and were lyin nice and quiet, gettin things together again when that ijit Frenchman got tite and got tryin some fool trick or other walking a timber stick and got upsot into the wet. I'd a let him go, you bet, but Mack cudn't stand to see him bobbin up and down so he ripped off and in after him. He got him too, but somehow the varmint gripped him round the neck. They went down but we got em out purty quick and the Frenchman come round all right, but somehow Mack wouldn't, choked appearinly by that tarnel little fool who aint worth one of Mack's fingers, and if killin him wud do any good, then he wudn't be livin long. We are all feelin purty bad. We are comin home on Thursday by Cornwall, eight or ten of us. The rest will go on with the rafts. The Boss says, better have rigs to meet us and Mack. That's all. I haint no good at weepin, never was, wish I cud somehow, it might ease off a feller a little, but tell you what, Ranald, I haint felt so queer since I was a boy lookin at my mother in her coffin. There was nothin mean about Mack. He was good to the heart. He wud do his work slick and never a growl or a groan, and when you wanted a feller to your back, Mack was there. I know there aint no use goin on like this. All I say is, ther's a purty big hole in the world for us to-night. Boss says you'd better tell the minister. He says he's good stuff and he'll know what to do at Mack's home. No more at present. Good bye. Yours truely,

J. LATHAM.

The minister's wife began reading the letter, wondering not a little at Ranald's manner, but when she came to the words

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"Mack Cameron got drownded," she laid the letter down with a little cry. Her husband came quickly to her, took up the letter, and read it to the end.

"I will go at once," he said, and rang the bell. "Tell Lambert to put Black in the buggy immediately, Jessie," he said when the maid appeared. "Do you think you ought to go, my dear?"

"Yes, yes, I shall be ready in a moment; but, oh, what can we do or say?"

"Perhaps you had better not go. It will be very trying," said the minister.

"Oh, yes, I must go. I must. The poor mother!" Then she turned to Ranald as the minister left the room. "You are going home, Ranald, I suppose," she said.

"No, I was thinking I would go to tell the people. Donald Ross will go, and the Campbells, and Farquhar McNaughton's light wagon would be best—for the—for Mack. And then I will go round by the McGregors'."

Ranald had been thinking things out and making his plans.

"But that will be a long round for you," said Mrs. Murray. "Could not we go by the Campbells', and they will send word to Donald Ross?"

"I think it would be better for me to go, to make sure of the teams."

"Very well, then. Good-by, Ranald," said the minister's wife, holding out her hand to him.

But still Ranald lingered. "It will be hard on Bella Peter," he said in a low voice, looking out of the window.

"Bella Peter? Bella McGregor?"

"Yes," said Ranald, embarrassed and hesitating. "She was Mack's—Mack was very fond of her, whatever."

"Oh, Ranald!" she cried, "do you say so? Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, I am sure," said Ranald, simply. "The boys in the shanty would be teasing Mack about it, and one day Mack told me something, and I know quite well."

"I will go to her," said Mrs. Murray.

"That will be very good," said Ranald, much relieved. "And I will be going with you that way."

As Mrs. Murray left the room, Maimie came round to where Ranald was standing and said to him gently, "You knew him well, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied Ranald, in an indifferent tone, as if unwilling to talk with her about it.

"And you were very fond of him?" went on Maimie.

Ranald caught the tremor in her voice and looked at her. "Yes," he said with an effort. "He was good to me in the camp. Many's the time he made it easy for me. He was next to Macdonald Bhain with the ax, and, man, he was the grand fighter—that is," he added, adopting the phrase of the Macdonald gang, "when it was a plain necessity." Then, forgetting himself, he began to tell Maimie how Big Mack had borne himself in the great fight a few weeks before. But he had hardly well begun when suddenly he stopped with a groan. "But now he is dead—he is dead. I will never see him no more."

He was realizing, for the first time, his loss. Maimie came nearer him, and, laying her hand timidly on his arm, said, "I am sorry, Ranald;" and Ranald turned once more and looked at her, as if surprised that she should show such feeling.

"Yes," he said, "I believe you are sorry."

Her big blue eyes filled suddenly with tears.

"Do you wonder that I am sorry? Do you think I have no heart at all?" she burst forth impetuously.

"Indeed, I don't know," said Ranald. "Why should you care? You do not know him."

"But haven't you just told me how splendid he was, and how good he was to you, and how much you thought of him, and—" Maimie checked her rush of words with a sudden blush and then hurried on to say, "Besides, think of his mother, and all of them."

While Maimie was speaking, Ranald had been scanning her face as if trying to make up his mind about her.

"I am glad you are sorry," he said slowly, gazing with so searching a look into her eyes that she let them fall.

At this moment Mrs. Murray entered ready for her ride.

"Is the pony come?" she asked.

"Indeed, it is the slouch I am," said Ranald, and he hurried off to the stable, returning in a very short time with the pony saddled.

"You would not care to go with your

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uncle, Maimie?" said Mrs. Murray, as Lambert drove up Black in the buggy.

"No, auntie, I think not," said Maimie. "I will take care of Hughie and the baby."

"Good-by, then, my dear," said Mrs. Murray, kissing her.

"Good-by, Ranald," said Maimie, as he turned away to get his colt.

"Good-by," he said, awkwardly. He felt like lifting his cap, but hesitated to do anything so extremely unnatural. With the boys in that country such an act of courtesy was regarded as a sign of "pride," if not of weakness.

Their way lay along the concession line for a mile, and then through the woods by the bridle-path to Peter McGregor's clearing. The green grass ran everywhere—along the roadside, round the great stump roots, over the rough pasture-fields, softening and smoothing wherever it went. The woods were flushing purple, with just a tinge of green from the bursting buds. The balsams and spruces still stood dark in the swamps, but the tamaracks were shyly decking themselves in their exquisite robes of spring, and through all the bush the air was filled with soft sounds and scents. In earth and air, in field and forest, life, the new spring life, ran riot. How strangely impertinent death appeared, and how unlovely in such a world of life!

As they left the concession road and were about to strike into the woods, Mrs. Murray checked her pony, and, looking upon the loveliness about her, said softly,

"How beautiful it all is!"

There was no response from Ranald, and Mrs. Murray, glancing at his gloomy face, knew that his heart was sore at the thought of the pain they were bearing with them. She hesitated a few moments and then said, gently:

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth. And there shall be no more death."

But still Ranald made no reply, and they rode on through the bush in silence till they came to the clearing beyond. As they entered the brûlé, Ranald checked his colt and, holding up his hand, said, "Listen!"

Through the quiet evening air, sweet and clear as a silver bell, came the long musical note of the call that brings the cows home for the milking. It was Bella's voice: "Ko——boss, ko——boss, ko——boss!"

Far across the brûlé they could see her standing on a big pine stump near the bars, calling to her cows that were slowly making towards her through the fallen timber, pausing here and there to crop an especially rich mouthful, and now and then responding to her call with soft lowings. Gently Bella chid them. "Come, Blossom, come away now; you are very lazy. Come, Lily; what are you waiting for? You slow old poke!" Then again the long musical note: "Ko——boss, ko——boss, ko——boss!"

Ranald groaned aloud, "Och-hone! It will be her last glad hour," he said; "it is a hard, hard thing."

"Poor child, poor child!" said Mrs. Murray. "The Lord help her. It will be a cruel blow."

"That it is, a cruel blow," said Ranald, bitterly; so bitterly that Mrs. Murray glanced at him in surprise and saw his face set in angry pain.

"The Lord knows best, Ranald," she said, gravely, "and loves best, too."

"It will break her heart, whatever," answered Ranald, shortly.

"He healeth the broken in heart," said Mrs. Murray, softly. Ranald made no reply, but let the colt take her way through the brûlé toward the lane into which Bella had now got her cows. How happy the girl was! Joy filled every tone of her voice. And why not? It was the springtime, the time of life and love. Long winter was gone, and soon her brothers would be back from the shanties. "And Mack, too," she whispered to her happy heart.

"And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades, fling by your wheel.

"For there's nae luck aboot the hoose,
There's nae luck ava,
There's little pleesure in the hoose
When oor gude man's awa."

So she sang, not too loud; for the boys were at the barn and she would never hear the end of it.

"Well, Bella, you are getting your cows home. How are you, my dear?"

Bella turned with a scarlet face to meet the minister's wife, and her blushes only

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became deeper when she saw Ranald, for she felt quite certain that Ranald would understand the meaning of her song.

"I will go on with the cows," said Ranald in a hoarse voice, and Mrs. Murray, alighting, gave him her pony to lead.

Peter McGregor was a stern man to his own family and to all the world, with the single exception of his only daughter, Bella. His six boys he kept in order with a firm hand, and not one of them would venture to take a liberty with him. But Bella had no fear of his grim face and stern ways, and "just twiddled her father round her finger," as her mother said, with a great show of impatience. But, in spite of all her petting from her big brothers and her father, Bella remained quite unspoiled, the light of her home and the joy of her father's heart. It had not escaped the father's jealous eye that Big Mack Cameron found occasion for many a visit to the boys on an evening when the day's work was done, and that from the meetings he found his shortest way home round by the McGregors'. At first the old man was very gruff with him, and was for sending him "about his business," but his daughter's happy face and the light in her eyes, that could mean only one thing, made him pause, and, after a long and sleepless night, he surprised his daughter the next morning with a word of gentle greeting and an unusual caress, and thenceforth took Big Mack to his heart. Not that any word or explanation passed between them; it had not come to that as yet; but Big Mack felt the change, and gave him thenceforth the obedience and affection of a son.

The old man was standing in the yard, waiting to help with the milking.

Ranald drove the cows in, and then, tying up the horses, went straight to him.

"I bring bad news, Mr. McGregor," he said, anxious to get done with his sad task. "There has been an accident on the river, and Mack Cameron is drowned."

"What do you say, boy?" said Peter, in a harsh voice.

"He was trying to save a Frenchman, and when they got him out he was dead," said Ranald, hurrying through his tale, for he saw the two figures coming up the lane and drawing nearer.

"Dead!" echoed the old man. "Big Mack! God help me."

"And they will be wanting a team," continued Ranald, "to go to Cornwall to-morrow."

The old man stood for a few moments, looking stupidly at Ranald. Then, lifting his hat from his gray head, he said, brokenly:

"My poor girl! Would God I had died for him."

Ranald turned away and stood looking down the lane, shrinking from the sight of the old man's agony. Then, turning back to him, he said:

"The minister's wife is coming yonder with Bella."

The old man started, and, with a mighty effort commanding himself, said, "Now may God help me," and went to meet his daughter.

Through the gloom of the falling night Ranald could see the frightened white face and the staring, tearless eyes. They came quite near before Bella caught sight of her father. For a moment she hesitated, till the old man, without a word, beckoned her to him. With a quick little run she was in his arms, where she lay moaning, as if in sore bodily pain. Her father held her close to him, murmuring over her fond Gaelic words, while Ranald and Mrs. Murray went over to the horses and stood waiting there.

"I will go now to Donald Ross," Ranald said in a low voice to the minister's wife. He mounted the colt and was riding off, when Peter called him back.

"The boys will take the wagon to-morrow," he said.

"They will meet at the Sixteenth at daylight," replied Ranald; and then to Mrs. Murray he said, "I will come back this way for you. It will soon be dark."

But Bella, hearing him, cried to her:

"Oh, you will not go?"

"Not if you need me, Bella," said Mrs. Murray, putting her arms around her. "Ranald will run in and tell them at home." This Ranald promised to do, and rode away on his woeful journey; and, before he reached home that night, the news had spread far and wide, from house to house, like a black cloud over a sunny sky.

The home-coming of the men from the shanties had ever been a time of rejoicing

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in the community. The Macdonald gang were especially welcome, for they always came back with honor and with the rewards of their winter's work. There was always a series of welcoming gatherings in the different homes represented in the gang, and there, in the midst of the admiring company, tales would be told of the deeds done and the trials endured, of the adventures on the river and the wonders of the cities where they had been. All were welcome everywhere, and none more than Big Mack Cameron. Brimming with good nature, and with a remarkable turn for stories, he was the center of every group of young people wherever he went; and at the "bees" for logging or for building or for cradling, Big Mack was held in honor, for he was second in feats of strength only to Macdonald Bhain himself. It was with no common grief that people heard the word that they were bringing him home dead.

At the Sixteenth next morning, before the break of day, Ranald stood in the gloom waiting for the coming of the teams. He had been up most of the night and he was weary in body and sore at heart, but Macdonald Bhain had trusted him, and there must be no mistake. One by one the teams arrived. First to appear was Donald Ross, the elder. For years he had given over the driving of his team to his boys, but to-day he felt that respect to the family demanded his presence on such an errand as this, and, besides, he knew well that his son Dannie, Mack's special chum, would expect him to so honor the home-coming of his dead friend. Peter McGregor, fearing to leave his daughter for that long and lonely day, sent his son John in his place. It was with difficulty that Mack's father, Long John Cameron, had been persuaded to remain with the mother and to allow Murdie to go in his stead.

The last to arrive was Farquhar McNaughton, Kirsty's Farquhar, with his fine black team and new light wagon. To him was to be given the honor of bearing the body home. Gravely they talked and planned, and then left all to Ranald to execute.

"You will see to these things, Ranald, my man," said Donald Ross, with the air of one giving solemn charge. "Let all things be done decently and in order."

"I will try," said Ranald, simply. But Farquhar McNaughton looked at him doubtfully.

"It is a peety," he said, "there is not one with more experience. He is but a lad."

But Donald Ross had been much impressed with Ranald's capable manner the night before.

"Never you fear, Farquhar," he replied; "Ranald is not one to fail us."

As Ranald stood watching the wagons rumbling down the road and out of sight, he felt as if years must have passed since he had received the letter that had laid on him the heavy burden of this sad news. That his uncle, Macdonald Bhain, should have sent the word to him brought Ranald a sense of responsibility that awakened the man in him, and he knew he would feel himself a boy no more. And with that new feeling of manhood stirring within him, he went about his work that day, omitting no detail in arrangement that might secure the seemly conduct of the funeral.

Night was falling as the wagons rumbled back again from Cornwall, bringing back the shantymen and their dead companion. Up through the Sixteenth, where a great company of people stood silent and with bared heads, the sad procession moved, past the old church, up through the swamp, and so onward to the home of the dead. None of the Macdonald gang turned aside to their homes till they had given their comrade over into the keeping of his own people. By the time the Camerons' gate was reached the night had grown thick and black, and the drivers were glad enough of the cedar bark torches that Ranald and Don waved in front of the teams to light the way up the lane. In silence Donald Ross, who was leading, drove up his team to the little garden gate and allowed the great Macdonald and Dannie to alight.

At the gate stood Long John Cameron, silent and self-controlled, but with face showing white and haggard in the light of the flaring torches. Behind him, in the shadow, stood the minister. For a few moments they all remained motionless and silent. The time was too great for words, and these men knew when it was good to hold their peace. At length Macdonald Bhain broke the silence, say-

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ing in his great deep voice, as he bared his head:

"Mr. Cameron, I have brought you back your son, and, God is my witness, I would his place were mine this night."

"Bring him in, Mr. Macdonald," replied the father, gravely and steadily. "Bring him in. It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good."

Then six of the Macdonald men came forward from the darkness, Curly and Yankee leading the way, and lifted the coffin from Farquhar's wagon, and reverently, with heads uncovered, they followed the torches to the door. There they stopped suddenly, for, as they reached the threshold, there arose a low, long, heart-smiting cry from within. At the sound of that cry Ranald staggered as if struck by a blow, and let his torch fall to the ground. The bearers waited, looking at each other in fear.

"Whisht, Janet, woman!" said Long John, gravely. "Your son is at the door."

"Ah, indeed, that he is, that he is! My son! my son!"

She stood in the doorway with hands uplifted and with tears streaming down her face. "Come in, Malcolm; come in, my boy. Your mother is waiting for you."

Then they carried him in and laid him in the "room," and, retiring to the kitchen, sat down to watch the night.

In half an hour the father came out and found them there.

"You have done what you could, Mr. Macdonald," he said, addressing him for all, "and I will not be unmindful of your kindness. But now you can do no more. Your wife and your people will be waiting you."

"And, please God, in good time they will be seeing us. As for me, I will neither go to my home nor up into my bed, but I will watch by the man who was my faithful friend and companion till he is laid away." And in this mind he and his men remained firm, taking turns at the watching all that night and the next day.

As Macdonald finished speaking, the minister came into the kitchen, bringing with him the mother and the children. The men all rose to their feet, doing respect to the woman and to her grief. When they were seated again, the minister rose and said:

"My friends, this is a night for silence and not for words. The voice of the Lord is speaking in our ears. It becomes us to hear, and to submit ourselves to His holy will. Let us pray."

As Ranald listened to the prayer, he could not help thinking how different it was from those he was accustomed to hear from the pulpit. Solemn, simple, and direct, it lifted the hearts of all present up to the throne of God, to the place of strength and of peace. There was no attempt to explain the "mystery of the Providence," but there was a sublime trust that refused to despair even in the presence of impenetrable darkness.

After the minister had gone, Macdonald Bhain took Ranald aside and asked him as to the arrangements for the funeral. When Ranald had explained to him every detail, Macdonald laid his hand on his nephew's shoulder and said kindly, "It is well done, Ranald. Now you will be going home, and in the morning you will see your aunt, and if she will be wishing to come to the wake to-morrow night, then you will bring her."

Then Ranald went home, feeling well repaid for his long hours of anxiety and toil.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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China a Year After the Siege in Peking[1]

By Arthur H. Smith

Special Commissioner for The Outlook in China.

THE approach of the summer solstice reminds us that a year ago the siege in Peking was just beginning. The Taku forts were being filled with men, the Peiho was being mined, and the Admirals of the allied fleet, which was riding at anchor ten miles outside the bar, saw that unless something was done all communication between themselves and their Legations in Peking, as well as with all foreigners in Tientsin, not to speak of other parts of China, would be cut off. They determined to demand the surrender of the forts, which was no doubt an "act of war" (certainly not one of peace), but a necessary one under the unexampled circumstances into which the world had allowed itself all unconsciously to drift. The Tsungli-Yamên told the Ministers to quit Peking within four and twenty hours, and had it not been for the murder of Baron von Ketteler, who somewhat rashly went to the Yamên alone on the morning of June 20, and who was shot by a Manchu military official in full dress, probably no foreigner in Peking would have escaped. At 4 P.M., with very un-Oriental punctuality, firing began all around the Legations, and the siege was begun!

After more than ten months of military occupation and of endless conferences of a diplomatic sort, we see the beginning of a new order of things. The troops have been gradually pulling out, and the great Graf von Waldersee himself, specially promoted and imported for the occasion, has gladly shaken off the copious North China dust from his shoes and left for Japan. A difficult and a thankless task his must have been, and he is supposed to have performed it with "tact," which constitutes so large a part of the needs of those who have to deal with such complex and irreconcilable interests. How many troops are to be left in Tientsin, Shanhaikuan, Taku, etc., seems not to be known to the public, but the number is not very large, and is not the essential thing. The whole crux of the situation in China is the question by what means the transition from the heterogeneous polyglot rule of all nations over a part of this province is to be replaced by a trustworthy Chinese rule. For ten months this part of China has practically been embarked upon a foreign fleet tossing about in a stormy sea. Now the time has arrived when the passengers and crew must be transferred back to the old unseaworthy Chinese junks in which they were before. The gangways are all down, the water is full of small sampans waiting to take men and cargo, but there is so much of a swell that the exchange is not an easy one to effect, and some will probably get drowned.

To abandon marine allegories and come to fact, there are indications that the situation is fully comprehended by the Chinese, who have adapted themselves to it with their usual rapidity and skill. An edict—this time of the "sure enough" variety—recently appeared in the name of the Emperor, naming the 19th of the seventh moon (September 1) as the day on which a start is to be made for the capital. The age and the state of health of his "mother" make it imperative to accommodate the movement to her necessities, so that the probability is that the first halt may be in Honan, where the miseries of the famine in Shensi may be escaped and the appearance of a reoccupation of Peking kept up. That the Emperor should return alone, though much desired by foreigners and by the most patriotic Chinese, seems not to have been suggested, and is at least not hinted at in the edict. This means, the Occidental reader will do well to bear in mind, that the relation of the Empress Dowager to the Chinese Government—a relation of essential identity—is exactly what it was when one year ago she gave the order to fire upon the Legations. It is not known that the question of her right to rule the Empire which she has brought to the verge of ruin and disruption has been before the Powers in any definite form. There has been no effort to arrange to

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have the Emperor put back on his throne, from which he was driven in September, 1898, and it may be that this is regarded as an irrelevant detail.

The whole proceedings of the negotiations in Peking, happily in detail still enigmatical to the public, so far as they are known may apparently be summed up in the one dissyllable discord. This does not mean that there is not unanimity, but that the results arrived at are the composition of varied forces each of which could not be ignored, and which could in no way be harmonized. One of the most felicitous cartoons of the many which during the past months have exhibited the caricaturist skill of the world was one which represented all the Powers pulling on a rope attached to the tongue of the Great Chinese Bell. As the parties exerting their strength surrounded the bell on all sides, there was no voice nor sound, owing to the mutual extinction of their efforts at motion.

The impartial spectator will naturally inquire, since the Empress Dowager tried to kill all the foreigners in the Empire a year ago for supposed wrongs received, and because of a feminine fury, what is to prevent a repetition of the same plan? To this it may be answered that though the Empress Dowager is in no way modified, but, on the contrary, far more exasperated than before by additional wrongs and much personal suffering, there are now some Legation Guards, and walls (with semi-concealed loopholes) all about the Legation area; there are foreign troops at various points mentioned; there have been several persons already executed, at least ten and perhaps fifteen, and others banished, etc.; there is (to be) a monument to Baron von Ketteler on the spot where he was killed; and, best of all, there is to be a great Chinese debt, which will so unify the interests of China with those of the Powers that the Chinese will hasten to tax themselves with joy, knowing that this is the only way to pay the indemnities, and if these are not paid there will be more trouble, more claims, and still more indemnities.

Of anything like regenerating influences tending to remove the intolerable ills of Chinese (and Manchu) rule in the past there is not a hint. The financial problem has been the key of the situation, and when that is mechanically adjusted the troops can go, while China on her part willingly agrees to anything rather than prolong the occupation, of which the allies are only less weary than she, and it then becomes easy to notify the Chinese generally that the invading barbarian has at last been driven (or persuaded) out.

But we have omitted one important condition of peace, which is, the Imperial edicts to be published all over China, reciting the punishments inflicted, forbidding membership in any anti-foreign society under pain of death, and recognizing the responsibility of provincial officials for outrages occurring in their districts, under penalty of removal from office. Here is something practical and of the utmost importance. After the murder of Mr. Margary in 1875, the universal publication of an Imperial edict in a relatively permanent form all over China proved of the greatest value. But we are assured on excellent authority that down to the present time nothing whatever has been done about this vital matter, every word and phrase of which should be scrutinized with the utmost care, and its dissemination provided for and watched. Of all the twelve peace conditions to which the Chinese were obliged to assent, this alone contains the moral element through which only the Chinese people are likely to be influenced. The prohibition of examinations in cities where foreigners have been murdered, reckoned as a masterpiece of diplomacy by some, and by others as only an ingenious contrivance still further to embitter the literati against foreigners, may easily and not improbably be neutralized completely by being extended by the Chinese Government to all China, by which its "face" would be saved and the burden equalized. It is proposed to exempt the province of Kwangtung from the operation of such a rule, if adopted, since the results of the examinations there are connected with a lottery which brings the Government more than a million taels per annum. This single instance of the proviso for punishing guilty cities by curtailing their chances for securing scholarships, and hence official promotion, well illustrates the inherent difficulty of deciding what is best, and the facility with which unforeseen consequences emerge.

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Within the past fortnight a fire occurred in the Forbidden City of Peking, by which the Wu Ying Tien, containing a throne-hall and many state records, archives, etc., was destroyed. The same thing occurred not many years ago with a previous building, and whether the fire was accidental (by lightning) or incendiary is disputed. This occurrence followed but a few days after the publication of an edict of so singular a nature as to surprise many even of those who are accustomed to Chinese eccentricities. The substance of it was that, since the administration of the Six Boards (by which the Empire is governed) had become overlaid with traditions and abuses which were incorporated in precedents so complicated as to be comprehensible only to experts, it was ordered that a large part of the records of the dynasty be destroyed, so as to begin again upon a new and clear basis. This seemed simple and hopeful, but fuller information from Chinese sources indicates that it is but a single act in a complicated drama. The Emperor wants reform, as he did in 1898, when he was deposed. Orders have been sent to the prominent officials throughout the Empire with requests for suggestions as to the reforms which appear most desirable. But the Emperor, it is said, is not even allowed to see these important memorials, which are decided upon by the Empress Dowager alone, in connection with an influential clique of three reactionary men.

The indications that reform of some sort is everywhere demanded are so clear that the ultra-conservatives must now make it their cry, too, and the first step is to save the face of China once more by the destruction of those records which were not already obliterated in the sack of Peking—some of them incriminating the Government—after which the spurious anti-reform reformers will have it all their own way. An official at Singanfu writes to a friend in Nanking gloomily predicting that from the indications at that capital the reactionaries, who are in full power, just as they have been, are merely biding their time, and that "the moment peace negotiations are completed and a treaty of peace signed and ratified, the audacity of the reactionaries will have no limit, and the country will be covered with mountains of corpses, and rivers of blood will deluge the Empire."

This dismal prognosis, it is worth noting, is embodied in a document in which the allusions are veiled for greater security by adopting the names of historical characters in the Han dynasty who lived at various dates from B.C. 73 to A.D. 221, the meaning being intelligible to scholars only.

That there is great uncertainty in what direction the pent-up stream of lava will flow is true, as the constant discussion of the matter in the native press of Shanghai (which is practically unfettered in its expression) abundantly shows. But there is much more reason to suppose that there will be implicit rather than explicit, covert rather than overt, neutralizing of the lessons of the past year on the part of whoever holds the practical control of the Chinese Government in the disturbed provinces.

Attention has been repeatedly called in these articles to one of the most portentous indications of the situation—that the managers of the Roman Catholic missions, and especially their native membership, as a whole display a persistent determination to play the Shylock both as to money indemnity and the punishment of their enemies, which is certain to result in a harvest of hate and reprisals in the not distant future. It would serve no useful purpose to specify instances, but they are to be found in every one of the provinces where the attacks have been most bitter, and excite the most intense opposition on the part of officials and people alike. This is so evident and so distinctly an element in the prospective situation that one of the officials in the United States Legation (whose name I do not mention only because I have not asked permission to do so) has expressed the opinion to one of our American Board workers that while foreign life will be safer than heretofore, that of the Christians will be much less secure, and he therefore recommends the adoption of the plan of arming the converts, and the fortification of their villages, as the Catholics have done, by which means alone tens of thousands of Chinese lives must have been saved last year, and scores of Europeans kept from massacre. Order may indeed be restored in Chili and elsewhere, so that things will not come to such extremities as this, but the judicious, after the experiences of 1900,

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refuse to prophesy, and merely point out the elements of uncertainty.

That there is the danger mentioned is strikingly exhibited by the experience of a band of Belgian priests living in the remote post of Ningtiaoliang, on the southern border of the Mongolian desert, in the country of the Ordos tribes, about half way between Yülinfu, in the extreme north of Shensi, and Ninghsiafu, in Kansu. It was known last autumn that this place had been holding out against attacks for some months, and not long since word was received in Peking that in the month of April fifteen Belgian priests, together with all their male converts, had been massacred at this station in the month of April. This was denied by Li-Hung-Chang, who subsequently admitted that "two" might have been killed, but that it had no connection with other events elsewhere, although this is the region where the "exiled" Prince Tuan was last heard of, and where the soldiers of General Tung-Fuhsiang, the principal actor in the attacks of last year upon the Legations, are now reported to be, by whose agency this atrocity is said to have been committed. Until this is confirmed, it is well not to lay stress upon it as an example.

It should have been mentioned, in connection with the reform measures referred to above, that while the number of edicts issued with regard to this subject in its various ramifications is large, and the discussion not infrequently minute and apparently thorough, they are not worth critical examination, because no one is able to determine what underlies the apparent suggestions, and because there are frequently secret instructions accompanying the edicts which materially modify their complexion. Thus, in a decree regarding the reformation of the Han-Lin Academy, the "odes and other useless things" are denounced, and are to be replaced by "ancient and modern books on government and the official histories of the province of Chili, while other subjects, such as treaties, international law, astronomy, science, and the like, will be placed in the catalogue of elective studies." Special colleges will be recommended for these subjects where the students will be examined and where discussions will take place. Note the following significant hint: "Those of them whose discussions are in strict accord with truth will be rewarded by promotion, while those whose discussions are perverse and injurious will be punished."

Chang-Chihtung, the Governor-General of the two Hu provinces, is said not to have sent on his reform memorial for the reason that *reform was to be postponed until the actual return of the Court to Peking*, but the Chinese press alleges that his Excellency has received a secret telegram informing him that reforms should be "along the lines of ancient Chinese law, and no importance should be attached to Western learning." It is easy to see what kind of "reform" *that* would be.

Li-Hung-Chang is said to be thoroughly committed to the Empress Dowager, to whom, like all other officials, he owes his position, but he recommends a long list of good men for important posts, who are ordered to present themselves for audience. On the other hand, a bitter foreign-hater has just been gazetted to the provincial judgeship of Chekiang, at Hangchou, where he may be able to do vast mischief. *Per contra*, the late Taotai of T'ung-chou, Shennenghu, who last year did all he could for the foreigners in his city, and was himself looted and driven out as a "third-class devil," is now assigned a new position, which he richly merits. Thus the phenomena are contradictory and obscure in meaning. The "Mixed Commission" at Paotingfu, which has so long wrestled with the difficult problem of governing the teeming population under its jurisdiction, has recently ceased its useful functions, greatly to the regret of the people, who begged the German commander to keep his troops there for some time longer, all the officers being glad to leave the perplexities and anomalies of such a task. The same transfer from foreign to Chinese rule is taking place in Peking, but the American Legation Guard, though few in numbers, are ordered to keep fast hold on the south gate of the Forbidden City until the Court returns to take it over, though there have been numerous other contingents quite ready to relieve it. It is morally certain that the palace eunuchs, always hard to restrain and rapacious as unfed hawks, have made way with much of the treasures of the palaces, the loss of which will be laid to the foreigners.

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The Tientsin Provisional Government may be continued for some months longer, as its reforms are of so important a nature that it is essential to see them carried far enough to prevent their being neutralized by the Chinese. In place of the unspeakable filth and the unsightly kennels along the river-front, there now runs a broad boulevard, well paved and lighted, from the foreign settlements to the junction of the Peiho and the Grand Canal, and to the Iron Bridge opposite the Governor-General's Yamên. This is to be continued entirely around the city, the wall of which has been taken down, to be replaced by a broad esplanade, and probably equipped with an electric belt line. The startling nature of this improvement is enough to take away the breath of the "oldest inhabitant," but it is far from being all. The occupiers of shanties leaning against the late city wall have been given better sites elsewhere, the stagnant ponds have been filled up, lots marked out, while the removal of the city wall makes all places far more accessible than before, and will add immensely to the business value of property. But for the Boxers, these changes might have required half a millennium to come to the state which they have reached within the year since the Taku forts were taken. The Provisional Government has secured permission to go on with the previously planned, but always postponed, river improvement, cutting through letter S, "everlasting bends," and the like, so that there is a fair prospect that steamers may once more come to the "bund" (Tientsin) instead of to Tonghu only, and trade revive. The Government has also grappled with the well-organized river pirates, whom the Chinese authorities could or would not break up, and numbers have been caught and beheaded, to the great advantage of the traffic and to the delight of the mercantile population, especially the helpless Chinese. Before the end of the year it is hoped that these reforms may all be accomplished and such an impulse given that the Chinese Government may at last attack the Taku bar, which has been such a vexation to navigation. A good bridge across the Peiho is another projected improvement. The "T. P. G." has shown that there is plenty of revenue money if it is only used where it will do good, instead of filling the coffers of Chinese supernumeraries.

The Rev. Timothy Richard, whose visit to Peking at the request of the Governor of Shansi and the Chinese Peace Commissioners was mentioned in a former article, has now returned to Shanghai, after having drawn up a scheme for the settlement of the Protestant cases in that province which is so conspicuously fair and just (and so utterly in contrast to the Roman Catholic demands) that the Chinese press comments upon it with uniform approbation. In consideration of the fact that the people were acting under orders in their riots of last year, he suggests that one Boxer leader in each district be punished as a warning; that the losses of converts must be provided for and provision made for widows and orphans; that the province raise half a million taels, one-tenth to be paid each year, for the establishment of schools to enlighten the people of Shansi, thus avoiding delusions in the future—one educated foreigner and one educated Chinese to manage the business; monumental stones to be erected wherever converts were killed; the officials, gentry, scholars, and people to receive courteously missionaries whenever again sent, and apologize for the past; equal treatment of converts and non-converts in everything; and lists to be kept of the names of rioters, to be punished if they again offend. These principles have been agreed to by the representatives of the Protestant societies working in Shansi —the China Inland Mission, the American Board, the English Baptist, the Gospel Mission, and an independent organization. These suggestions were submitted to Li-Hung-Chang, who is said to have been exceedingly pleased with the moderation of the demands, exclaiming that never yet had there been in China such an enlightened and moderate gentleman as Dr. Richard had shown himself to be, and that if these suggestions were put into effect there would be no more missionary troubles in the Empire. Dr. Richard's long residence in Shansi—from 1876 to 1886—his devotion and tact in distributing famine relief at the beginning of that period, his cordial relations with officials from the Governor down, and his wide reputation as the best-known

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and most representative Protestant missionary in China, combine to give his recommendations great weight.

The incident is of capital importance, not merely for what may come of it directly or indirectly, though this is much, but for the irrefragable evidence of the esteem in which those missionaries are held whose record speaks for them. As a direct consequence of the invitation to Dr. Richard to go to Shansi, although he was unable to accept for himself, a party of nine is just leaving, under Chinese official escort, including Dr. Edwards, of Shouyang, Dr. Atwood (American Board), of Fenchoufu, Messrs. Hoste, Orr-Ewing, Tjader, and Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, and Mr. Duncan and Dr. Creasy Smith (English Bishop), of Singanfu, the latter, however, not expecting to enter the province of Shensi as yet. The journey is not without peril, and the outcome will be watched with the greatest interest in many lands.

The "Christian Herald" relief fund, intended for Shansi, has, after much correspondence and not a little uncertainty what to do with it, been apportioned among four provinces—Shansi, 10,000 taels, to be distributed by Dr. Edwards; Shensi, the same, managed by Mr. Duncan, either through friendly officials, native Christians, or both; Shantung, 5,000 taels, and Chili, 3,000 taels, to be used as required. It will be of service in piecing out the amounts needed to relieve the worst distress of Christians who have not yet received any indemnity, as we hope all may eventually. Those in Shantung are now beginning to get theirs, thanks to Governor Yuan, who to Protestants especially is most friendly.

Dr. Griffith John has recently published an interesting account of an extended visit with a companion to Hunan, which was formerly the most bitterly hostile in all China, but which he says is now at last really "open." Their reception, even in the cities where rioting occurred last year, was most cordial both by people and by officials.

There are now at least fifteen missionaries representing six societies in this fine province, and more will follow when the peace conditions have gone into effect. Intellectually and physically the people are among the finest in China, and will prove friendly to foreigners when relations have become once thoroughly established.

Representatives of nine of the important missionary societies in China have recently issued, both in English and in Chinese, a "Statement" in regard to the connection between missionaries and the present crisis. It is of the nature of an explanation, and incidentally a defense, and has attracted favorable comment from the leading foreign journals of Shanghai for its conspicuous fairness and moderation of language. A paragraph from an article in the "North China Daily News" dealing with it should be quoted: "The charge that missionaries have manifested an improper desire to see vengeance done on the perpetrators of last year's outrages is, except in possible isolated cases, as unfounded as Mark Twain's ignorant charges against Dr. Ament and his colleagues in Peking and its vicinity. Men who have examined the whole question with an honest desire to arrive at the truth without prejudice or partiality allow that the behavior of the missionaries as a body has not only been above reproach, but worthy of praise and gratitude. They have been anxious, as we have all been anxious, to see outrages such as those of last year made impossible in the future, and as long as human nature is what it is, men must be deterred from crime by the conviction that it will be followed by punishment; and not to have punished, and punished severely, the culprits of last year would have been to invite a repetition of their crimes."

This reminds us of the welcome intelligence received not long ago that Minister Conger will soon be on his way out again. It is simply a fact that at the present time there is no other man who can take his place, or who ought to take it. Like all the other Ministers, he did not foresee the coming cyclone in China, but when it came he proved a tower of strength, not to Americans only, but to the common defense—a service ill requited by the theory prevalent at Washington that because his insight was so much greater and more accurate than that of any one in Washington, his "mind was affected"! As President Lincoln desired more Generals who drank the "whisky" to which General Grant was alleged to be addicted, so the United States Legations

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abroad would do well to lay in a stock of Ministers who have the common sense and the manliness of Mr. Conger. It is incidentally a gratification to many whose sense of justice has been outraged by the captious criticisms of those with neither knowledge nor candor to comprehend existing conditions to see that Mr. Conger has not hesitated to take the responsibility for his own advice consistently given to American citizens acting in times of storm and stress. He has comprehensively replied to all the current criticism by the remark: "I am prepared to justify the conduct of the missionaries before the siege, during the siege, and after the siege." It is well for the friends of those moral reforms without which the regeneration of this Empire is utterly impossible to bear in mind that existing conditions do not alter our duty to China, but only modify present action. If anything is certain, it is that there is to be in some form a new China. For that we should watch, and perhaps wait, but not idly nor as those without hope. All mission methods should be re-examined, as ships are overhauled in the dry-docks, but always with reference to a new and a longer voyage than the last. China is a constant and an inextinguishable factor in the history of the twentieth century, and in and for China there is a great work to be done, and there are many in all parts of the earth who can at least give assistance with their sympathies and their prayers, never more needed nor more sure to be helpful than now.

The Field Matron's Mission

By Annie Beecher Scoville

"Take pity on my women. . . . Give a future to my women."—*Sitting Bull.*

EVERY reformer who is brought face to face with the results of his own enthusiasm at some time in his career echoes Browning's

'Tis dangerous work to meddle with souls,
And trouble enough to save one's own.

If you are an Indian worker, such a revulsion of feeling comes on some visit to a big reservation, when, after a hundred weary miles of sun-baked plains, you reach the green valley of the camp, and find its verdure mostly sage, its waters alkaline, and the old Indian life with its tepees and long-haired horsemen more comely than the blighted grain, faded calicoes, and squalid cabins that stand for civilization and your work. The big, bare Government school—emblem of progress—is as lonely and out of place as the sewing-machine standing beside an Indian tent, and even the brown-faced school-children in whom once you trusted as the hope of the Indian future are only uniform packages of humanity done up in blue calico, and your heart goes out to the old people, who have borne the brunt and burden of life and are now passed carelessly by. This is especially true if your visit falls early in September, and you see the people bringing their children to school.

"See," says one father, "they are all dead but this, and he is a poor, miserable little thing; surely we may keep him longer."

But the law is that every child must be given up when it is six years old, so the frightened baby goes with a teacher, and the parents, who live forty miles away, pitch their camp where they may watch from a distance the big building that has swallowed up their boy.

"Oh, Winona," calls some one at our door before we are up, "I forgot to tell the little girl to get up when the big bell rings. Go quickly and ask them not to whip her this once."

Here is an old grandmother with a grievance. "Did not my mother and her mother, ay, as long as there have been Indians, did they not teach their daughters to speak in low tones, and now these white women punish them because they will not speak loud. Surely it is shameful!"

When darkness falls and a group of frightened little ones huddle together and scream with terror at your unknown tongue, you do not stop to consider that this is the first step in the English education enforced by Government, but hurry for an interpreter. Late into the night you hear the long, wailing cries of some

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pagan grandmother who, standing without the camp, mourns the school-child as she would the dead. You know it is true that, to her and to the old life of which she is a part, the child is dead, and your heart goes out to the sorrowful old woman and the young couple whose parental authority lasts but a brief six years.

This is the hour when you would gladly tear down the school-houses and wash your hands of the tragedy of education.

After such an experience you begin to understand the need of field matrons to live with and educate these women whose old occupations are gone and from whose arms even the babies are taken.

Such a woman is the missionary of civilization, and the final success of all Indian education, the establishing of self-supporting homes, is largely in her hands.

There was no such helper in the first Sioux villages I ever visited. One of the young men whom I had taught in the East brought his wife and baby to see me—a nice, tidy girl and a poor little dying child. It was a common story; the mother's milk had failed and the year-old baby was being raised on clear coffee and crackers.

The young father was progressive, had cattle and a fair education, and I appealed to him to bring in a cow and milk it for the baby; but when I saw four ignorant, kindly women sitting on the ground about the camp fire, I understood that a man's word would have little influence with five women who thought animal milk unclean. If there had been any one in that village to win the confidence of the women, the child would have lived; as it was, it starved.

Another day, driving with the Agent across the reservation, miles from any village, we were stopped by two Indians, evidently in great trouble. I could not understand the father's broken story, but the woman slipped an unconscious child from her blanket and held it up to me. They had left their village looking for help, but we could do nothing, and at last were forced to leave them alone there in their trouble.

We drove in silence for a time, and then the Agent broke out with: "The best work on this reservation is done by the missionaries, but it is the work the field matrons are paid to do, and if they did it, we should have no such trouble."

That is not always so. There are matrons who work, and missionaries who do nothing but preach. I knew one who did nothing else for eight years, but, as Kipling says, that is another story. This, however, is certain: where there is a good field matron the people thrive, and where there is a successful mission the preacher six days of the week lives in kindly service, preaching the Gospel on the seventh.

Take, for example, the big Dakota reservation where I lived that summer. Roughly speaking, the field was four thousand square miles, with an Indian for every mile. The people are the Sioux of Gall's, Sitting Bull's, and Rain-in-the-Face's bands. We hear often of these men, but rarely of their women, who are to-day trying to build homes out of the fragments of the shattered past. Across the way from us lived a woman who had brought her little children alone through an enemy's country to the protection of our flag; on the other side of us lived a young wife who carries a bullet in her body from the battle of Wounded Knee. Mrs. "Chasing Eagle," who sells us milk, "He-Returns-Victorious," who drives for us, carry bitter memories of our troops and wars. Another family tell us how the mother crept back at night to bury her husband on the battlefield; still another mourns a daughter who drowned herself rather than come on the reservation. Yet to us white women they are the kindest of neighbors.

They are strong women who once faced life bravely, made their huts and clothes, planted corn, jerked meat, and looked well to their families, but the life they understood went with the old days, the "white man's way" is perplexing, and, as they say, "How can we learn except some one take pity on us?"

There are whole districts where no help has ever been given, and where despair and disease have been added to pagan savagery; but I lived with the missionary whose work the Agent so commended, and who "took pity on" these people when, defeated and discouraged, they surrendered with Sitting Bull. From him I learned that the field matron must be doctor, nurse, cook, farmer, teacher,

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seamstress, and general counselor for the camp.

The Government tried to civilize these people by issuing wagons, and they used them to feed the ponies from; stoves, and they knocked off the top and used it over the camp-fire; cows, and the Indian saw in them what he had in the buffalo—meat, and ate them up. They tried to substitute oxen for ponies, and, having taught Song-Soldier the mystery of *gee*, *haw*, and *whoa*, he was started as an object-lesson from the agency door in a cart drawn by a yoke of oxen. He used his whip, the cattle traveled, his admiring friends shouted, and the team *ran!* Then the warrior tried to stop them, but the right word was gone; in vain he shouted—the charm would not work; so, drawing his Winchester, he fired, dropped first the nigh and then the off ox, and feasted his friends that night. The puzzled officials made laws against killing cattle, but herds that you cannot eat and milk that you would not drink will not, when tried in the balance, equal one tender, juicy calf, so the new-born calves invariably met with some accident and died.

Meanwhile the missionary kept her own cow and used the milk for the sick babies of the village. One neighbor had lost six children in succession, and when the seventh was born the missionary promised that, if she could care for it, it would live, and it did. To-day it is a saying that Christian Indians raise their children, but it is also a fashion to keep a cow for each baby.

To interest the men in their herds this missionary set up a blackboard and showed how many cattle they would have in three years if their calves lived. They enjoyed their arithmetic, and experimented to see if it were true. Sometimes an old man would come thirty miles to be told how many cattle he would have a dozen years from date. To-day the long stacks of hay by every house show that the people not only spare their cattle but feed them.

As the first appeal to man is through the stomach, so the first reward for labor should be food; and cabbages and potatoes are more civilizing than dollars and cents. The missionary keeps a garden which is a humble experiment station to see what vegetables can be grown there, an object-lesson as to how to do it, and a labor market for all who will use the hoe. The Sioux have large fields of corn and squashes, but they have always trusted them to nature, and think fertilizers disgusting and hoeing useless. This garden, where the man earns a few cents and studies a new situation, is an experiment in more ways than one. "See," called a happy-faced woman, running to meet us and holding up some carrots, "see what I grew: now what shall I do with them?"

The cooking-lesson was given out there in the sun, and we drove on to pronounce on the symptoms of a batch of dough at another house, to taste and praise some fine white bread at Cross Bear's, to give a lesson in nursing to an old woman who was caring for a sick daughter and feeding the baby choke-cherries, and so fifteen miles home again. In other parts of the reservation medicine-men and red flannel prayers are common, but by prompt and patient care of the sick this woman has banished them from her district.

Next after something to eat the Indian will work hardest for something beautiful. Old Bear became so enamored of our fence that he devoted his time to building fence within fence about his whole place—his house, his pig-pen, his hay, until his grounds looked like a Chinese puzzle. Mrs. Brownman, praised for fitting up her bedroom in imitation of one seen at the mission, proceeded to make her tiny baby a green plush dress, which was not so commendable.

But right here the wisdom of the field matron comes in play in recognizing and following the lead of these quaint signs in teaching Bear the economy, not extravagance, of fencing, or in giving out flower-seeds instead of lectures to the man who loafs over our flower-bed.

But the touchstone that tries her work is the return of the children from school. There has been a great deal that is false and cruel said about the old people and their educated children. It is the same problem as that of the young collegian and the farmer father. They love each other and they misunderstand each other. The young man is ashamed of some harmless bit of the old life; civilization in his eyes may be a matter of a white collar. He at once works for his people by making home a reformatory for minor morals,

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The old people are disgusted and the boy discouraged.

But if the education and progress has not all been on one side, if the home has improved and the parents understand something of the new life the child has been trained in, the case is altered. The boy is proud of the improvements, and the parents are vastly amused with his knowledge. Mrs. Little-Eagle entertained all her neighbors with the information she gathered from her son, and how she "was greatly afraid in the night because the world turned over." Another school-boy came with his mother and a piece of calico and asked to have it cut so that he could make her a dress.

At another time an old student urged me to come and see them, and took me with pride into the room his father and mother had prepared for his home-coming. It was painted in bright blue and white, had a white bed, curtains, and even a looking-glass and dressing-stand—all the work of his mother's skillful fingers and her idea of what a civilized son would need. In his eyes it was too good to use, but he had arranged all his books and school pictures there, and kept it as a shrine of civilization. His mother could not speak a word of English, but she needed none to understand her boy's pride in her as he showed her work to his teacher.

It is poor Christianity to neglect these old people, but it is worse economy to ignore love of home, the natural incentive to labor and moral restraint, in educating the young barbarian. It is the old father and the little child who develop in the young Indian self-sacrificing labor, the final grace of civilization; and the teacher in this should be the field matron—should be, and in rare instances is; but usually we are amply satisfied if some official's wife with a kindly heart doles out charity to the sick, and draws a few extra hundreds as an addition to her husband's salary. When we comprehend the economy and honesty of filling the office of Field Matron and Farmer with expert officials, and of carrying on the training of a people as intelligently as a mission or a college settlement is run, the days of barbarism and reservation life will be numbered.

Haeckel's "The Riddle of the Universe"[1]

THERE are three distinct ways in which this book ought to be judged: from the points of view of the biologist, the cosmic philosopher, and the religious teacher; for all these positions does its author assume to fill. As for the last, his attempts to discredit the Christian faith and organize a religious creed upon the basis of monism are fraught with such sorry and ill-starred failure that, out of deference to his sensibilities, we shall omit all criticism of this part of his work.

Professor Haeckel's special department of study is biology, but, if we understand him rightly, it is not as a purveyor of biological facts that he courts attention. It is certainly the position that will least command attention from the general public or the world of scholars. Biology is an instrument for the collection, certification, and arrangement of data touching the form and direction of organic life. So long as he holds himself to the examination of morphologic or embryonic conditions, he would be left severely alone. Uninitiated students cannot understand and have little interest in the habits of an unfamiliar species. But when he abandons the precincts of his narrower sphere, and, entering the wider domain of philosophy, constructs a dogma whose purpose is to explain the origin and progress of life, then he must expect to have his methods and conclusions summarily challenged, and he must show good cause for his right to speak.

Chapter XII. is, without doubt, the citadel of this book. If his readers grant what Dr. Haeckel here affirms, the remainder of his contention follows as a matter of course. His search is for the universal law of substance. He approaches the goal by describing the earlier meditations in the department of physics. There are two accepted principles well rooted in the

[1] *The Riddle of the Universe.* By Ernst Haeckel. Harper & Brothers, New York.

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language of science: that matter is indestructible and that the amount of energy at work in infinite space is unchangeable. These he would reduce to one and the same principle, since matter and motion are but expressions of the same substance. No one can take exception to this argument: it is an item of common knowledge that solid changes to liquid, and liquid to gas, while heat and light, force and chemical affinity, are modes of the same motion. He proposes to call this coagulated principle the law of substance, and will contend that by it all the phenomena of the universe are to be judged. Furthermore, in his view, thought is as much a mode of motion as is heat or chemical affinity, and must, consequently, be subject to the same invariable law. It is at this point that our opinions begin to diverge.

He examines, next, the different accounts which thinkers have given of this law. Three elements emerge from his crucible as fixed: that all substance is endowed with sensation and will, and is self-moved; that there is no such thing as empty space; and that action at a distance through perfectly empty space is unthinkable. Manifestly, the first of these gems loses its sparkle so soon as we ask for his definition of the terms involved. If we bring down our ideas of "sensation" and "will" low enough, we shall have little difficulty in putting the same value upon the words that Dr. Haeckel does. If, however, we prefer to endow them with the noble qualities which glisten from them when they are mentioned in connection with the human mind, then we must either abdicate our power to compare and judge, or we must refuse to apply them to the case in point.

Again, to carry out the law of substance one must learn something about the mysterious medium which fills in the spaces between suns and constellations and weaves them all into the limitless system of nature. What is ether—styled by the older science "imponderable matter"? It cannot, he says, be atomistic, but must be continuous. Thus one of the first rules of modern chemistry is rudely shattered, and no substitute is provided. He calls it dynamic, but gives no reason for using such a dignified and significant word. He is not willing to say that it cannot be weighed, but only that we have no means of acquiring experience of its weight. He considers it to be in eternal motion, though how he can come to acquaintance with it profound enough to make so broad a declaration, he fails to show.

Upon reading this argument for the unity of substance, we constantly feel that our guide is threading ways quite new and unfamiliar to him; that he is speculating heavily, wildly, feverishly, on a market whose quotations are ticked off by an unseen hand and present themselves to him in symbols which he cannot interpret. It is exceedingly dangerous for any student who has dealt wholly with the facts of organic life to pass suddenly into the sphere where objects are not tangible and facts cannot be reduced to mathematical formulæ. The strand of philosophic thought is strewn with the wreckage of intellects which have presumed to include the world in their course.

Perhaps the most striking feature of this book is its endless series of hypotheses. Dr. Haeckel has been called a "bold theorist," and well deserves the title. We should not care to deny the validity of the scientific imagination—"natural faith," as he styles it; but we are wont, we unsophisticated, workaday students, to look upon science as a repository of ascertained facts, and not a body of hypotheses waiting to be pricked as empty bubbles. Theory is a just and effective instrument of investigation. It becomes, however, a safe and convincing disputant in the courts of science only when it can distinguish between fictitious and actual law, and is willing to withdraw its own supposition, rather than imperil the standing of the sovereign it serves.

Let us illustrate his peremptory method. It appears in crass form as he writes the chapter on "Psychic Gradations." Here he ascribes the function of *memory* to the lowest of organized substances, the protists, and sees in it the same conscious energy as in man. Again, in speaking of the derivation of the soul, he argues for the presence of a soul-movement in plants, the same in quality and purpose as in man. His star examples are the sensitive plant and the fly-trap, both of which seem to resent interference, and express such resentment in "psychic action." In the

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same chapter he carries this force forward through the different grades of organized life, and crowns its development in the beautiful soul of man. Here he makes light of the difficulty which has burdened the most logical minds for a century past; for he proclaims that there is less real difference between the anthropoid ape and man than there would be between the cultured Goethe and the uncouth Patagonian savage!

For the theist the argument of this volume will hinge upon the idea of the human soul. Is this thinking self within us a thing apart from its surroundings, alive with the spiritual energy of another world, or is it an offshoot of the body's life, the refinement of the organic nervous system? If the soul be the precipitate of chemical action—nothing more, nothing less—how, we are asked, can its substance survive when its encasement and producer falls away? The unitary law of substance knows nothing of a power which can enter the bodily temple, preside over its ceremonies, and evoke the hymn of praise to some unknown kindred spirit. The service of the soul is rendered to the body, and not to some extrinsic being.

In response thereto, we inquire, What shall we do, then, with that vigorous, brilliant idea, which refuses to be extinguished or dimmed, viz., the soul's sense of its incipient immortality? We care not by what name it be designated—instinct, intuition, fancy, conviction, notion—there it is, and there it proposes to remain. To explain away this repugnant feature our author elaborately prepares himself, and he begins by denying its universal presence. Indeed, he is not satisfied until he has carried the investigation back to the province of primitive man, where, he alleges, not a vestige of our well-formulated conception appears. To this we retort, How does he know that primitive man wandered in the maze of a speechless eternity? Is there any document, are there signs or customs, that point to such a conclusion?

But even if we did find a single tribe that seemed to be without the thought, does that rob the idea of its value for us, or relieve us from the obligation of observing strictly its commands? Like Kant, we cannot prove the fact of immortality, but we know that it lies in our mind as an unremovable thought, given by no development, and by no bequest of our ancestors. It controls our dispositions, our expectations, and our moral affections. Certitude to the outward reality it cannot give, but a proud, indomitable confidence in its truth it can and will inculcate. It is upon this that all theists are wont to rest their case.

But Dr. Haeckel holds strongly to the opposing doctrine, which he entitles "thanatism," and he marshals six biological "facts" (page 204) to prove his position. He proceeds to show that the brain of man differs in no respect from the brain of the animal; that the elementary organs of the soul are the wonderfully reticulated nerve-cells of the brain, and these decay; that the functions of the soul are bound up with certain parts of the brain, and that when the latter are diseased or destroyed, the mental vigor is by so much reduced, or eliminated totally; that, like all organized matter, the soul develops from bodily infancy to the prime of power, and then descends into the weakness of old age; and that the human brain has been gradually derived from the brain of the mammal, it in turn from the next grade, until the lowest vertebrate is reached.

Is his contention successful? Has he emancipated the soul from the thrall of idealism and enchained it forever in the bonds of matter? The real problem before us respects not so much the continuance of the soul after death as the genesis and present position of the soul as we know it. If thought be produced out of the brain's convolutions, then it is useless to claim for it a distinct autonomy. To this conclusion our author has been driven by his unitary law of substance. He assumes that the substance described by the law is cognized only by the five bodily senses; how can there be, then, a new element, different from matter, more durable than it, and apprehended by us through different channels?

His fallacy, it will appear, lies in taking as an assumption the very point in dispute. We are charmed as well as he by the vision of a supreme unifying law in the disposition of the affairs of our universe. But instead of holding matter to be the cause of thought, we reverse the order, and make all matter the sequence and out-

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flowering of a divine purpose. Which is the more reasonable supposition, and which will go further in explaining all the phenomena of nature? Which is easier, to ascend from the realm of material facts to the cloudland of spirit, or to start with the modulus of thought and let it work its way into the fabric of nature and into the consciousness of man? Face to face with the majesty of the unseen Spirit, the "sound scientific arguments" of the materialist shall steal away in chagrin, and shall be swiftly ruled from court, as we begin to see that the intuitions of the human mind rise above the instincts of the beast, as does the light of day above the shadowless darkness of the night.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Camp Venture: A Story of the Virginia Mountains. By George Cary Eggleston. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 401 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Eggleston has few equals in the art of compounding for boys a story which shall have thrill and adventure enough to satisfy the youthful taste and yet avoid the sensationalism that might cause the parental frown. Moonshiners and their wild ways, fights with revenue officers, camping out in the mountains in winter, logging for railway ties, and the discovery of a rich iron-mine are some of the things which keep the boy heroes in a state of constant activity and make the record of their doings lively reading.

Colin Clout's Calendar. By Grant Allen. (New Edition.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 237 pages. $1.25.

The late Grant Allen was a versatile worker. We confess to being among those who vastly prefer his popular studies of science to his novels. It is no secret that he turned from science-writing to fiction for the simple reason that he could make the latter pay better than the former and his means were not large enough to allow him to follow his real bent. His heart really lay in his earlier work, and of his talks on nature the present volume is the best. It has not a little of the John Burroughs quality, and it tells simply and lovingly of common things seen in outdoor life from April to October.

Daughter of Mystery (A). By R. Norman Silver. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 299 pages. $1.50.

Elizabeth, Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary. By Clara Tschudi. Authorized Translation from the Norwegian by E. M. Cope. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 260 pages. $3.

The author's popular biographies of Marie Antoinette, the Empress Eugénie, and other famous women have met with popular favor. So also will this sketch of the murdered empress who, Miss Tschudi tells us, is still called Saint Elizabeth by the common people. This book is less sensational and less feverish than "The Martyrdom of an Empress," but is made readable by its abundance of personal anecdotes and incidents. One is glad that the author confines herself to stating only the known facts about the death of Crown Prince Rudolf, and does not find it necessary to reprint any of the many "true stories" of the secret history of the tragedy.

Eton Boy's Letters (An). Selected and Arranged by the Author of "A Day of My Life at Eton." Cassell & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 210 pages. $1.25.

These epistles tell very fully the daily life of Eton boys—almost too fully, in fact, to hold the interest of the ordinary reader. There are traces of liveliness in the letters, but, as a rule, they are rather dull.

Flower of the Tropics and Other Stories of Mexico and the Border (A). By Warner P. Sutton. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 121 pages. $1.

Geoffrey Strong. By Laura E. Richards. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 4×7 in. 217 pages. 75c.

Since her "Captain January" Mrs. Richards has written nothing of so great charm as this little tale of a young doctor, a young lady who failed to be a doctor and became a doctor's wife, and their sweet-natured old-lady friends. The scene is a New England shore village. The dialogue abounds in fun and includes some true character work.

Goldsmith, Gray, Burns, and Other Romantic Poets of the Eighteenth Century. Complete Characteristic Selections. Edited with Biographies, Notes, and Hints for Teaching. (Standard Literature Series.) The University Publishing Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 86 pages. 12½c.

History for Ready Reference and Topical Reading. By J. N. Larned. Illustrated. Revised and Enlarged Edition. In 6 Vols. Vol. VI. Recent History (1894–5 to 1901). A to Z. The C. A. Nichols Co., Springfield, Mass. 7½×11 in. 720 pages.

This volume is even more remarkable than its predecessors which we have praised so warmly. It deals with the history of the past six years—the very period which standard histories do not yet cover, and which the writer on current questions constantly wants to be informed about—and it deals with this period without partisanship and yet without avoiding the themes upon which partisan feeling is most strongly aroused. Indeed, it puts these subjects into the foreground, as is illustrated by its articles on China, South Africa, the Philippines, and Trusts, but in treating them the

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substance of official reports and testimony before investigating committees is given without apparent fear or favor, and the whole narrative made almost spirited by the vigorous exclusion of the things which do not signify so as to bring into a strong light the things which do. There is nothing perfunctory or second rate in the work done upon this volume. It is all the work of men of judgment and insight, who, instead of merely compiling documents, have edited them so as to make them illuminating. To illustrate its value we give in their order half a dozen titles from a single chance page:

Railways. State Purchase in Switzerland. See Switzerland, 1894–8.
Raines Law. See New York State, 1896–7.
Ramapo Water Contract. See New York City, 1899–1900.
Rand, Gold-fields of the. See South Africa, 1885–1900.
Reciprocity Treaties under the Dingley Tariff. See United States of America, 1899–1901.
Reconcentrados. See Cuba, 1896–7 and 1897–8.
Red Cross Society Relief Work in Armenia and Cuba. See (in this volume) Turkey, 1896, and Cuba, 1896–7.
Referendum. In Minnesota. See Minnesota, 1896. Introduction into South Dakota. See So. Dakota, 1898. Its Exercise in Switzerland. See Switzerland, 1894–8.

It is but the work of a few moments to turn to articles referred to and secure definite and accurate information upon the topic under inquiry. The occasions are so many upon which such a volume is needed that we are inclined to say that no self-respecting reference library can be without it.

Introduction to Political Economy (An). By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D. (New and Revised Edition.) Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×8 in. 377 pages. $1.20.

We know of no better introduction either to the theme or to the literature of the theme. Its method is historical, not controversial, but it treats history so as to throw light upon questions now mooted. We are glad to see from the author's preface that the book has been made a part of the prescribed course of reading for candidates for the ministry in the Methodist Church. The present edition brings the discussion of certain subjects and the statistics of all down to date.

Lake Geneva and its Literary Landmarks. By Francis Gribble. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 352 pages. $4.50.

Bonivard, Calvin, Knox, De Bèze, Casaubon, Lisle, Milton, Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, De Saussure, Madame de Staël, Benjamin Constant, Chateaubriand, Amiel—these are only a few of the famous names associated more or less closely with Lake Geneva. It was a happy thought to co-ordinate a series of biographical papers around the common association. The result is a readable book, often amusing, and sometimes of serious biographical value. The volume is handsomely printed and has many good portraits in photogravure.

Maryland Constitution of 1864 (The). By William Starr Myers, Ph.D. The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. 6×9½ in. 99 pages.

Merchant of Venice (The). By William Shakespeare. Edited by Frederick Manley. (The Laurel Classics.) C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston. 4¾×6½ in. 186 pages.

Mountain Idylls and Other Poems. By Alfred Castner King. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 120 pages. $1.

Notes on Child Study. By Edward Lee Thorndike, Ph.D. (Columbia University Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology, and Education.) Vol. VIII. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 157 pages. $1.

Poems. By James B. Kenyon. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4½×6 in. 108 pages. $1.

Mr. Kenyon holds an honorable place among our minor poets. This little volume contains his best work.

Poole's Index to Periodical Literature. Abridged Edition, 1815–99. By William I. Fletcher, A.M., and Mary Poole. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 7½×11 in. 843 pages. $12.

We cordially commend this work to the scores, perhaps hundreds, of The Outlook's friends who are wont to ask the editors for material which may enable them to master the subjects they propose to discuss in essays and club papers. "Poole's Index" has long been the key to storehouses of knowledge, but in its old form, with supplements, it had become bulky, and, moreover, contained hundreds of references which are now practically useless. This single-volume index really opens the way to all the best periodical articles for study. It covers thirty-seven periodicals, and reaches in date from 1815 to 1899.

Purely Original Verse. By J. Gordon Coogler. (Sixth Edition, with Latest Supplement.) Published by the Author, Columbia, S. C. 4½×6 in. 223 pages. $1.

Slaveholder's Daughter (A). By Belle Kearney. Illustrated. (Fifth Edition.) The Abbey Press, New York. 5½×8 in. 269 pages. $1.

Verses. By Wesley Bissonnette. W. S. Bissonnette's Printing Shop, Colorado Springs, Colo. 6×8 in. 28 pages. $1.

Wildersmoor. By C. L. Antrobus. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 446 pages. $1.50

With a little more incisiveness of style and briskness of action, and sometimes a little condensation in the conversation, this novel might claim a high place in fiction. As it stands it is immensely superior to the hastily written, carelessly thrown together novels which have lately fluttered in flocks before the jaded novel-reader's eyes. In thoughtfulness and sane views of life and character the story has real value. It seems to us an advance upon the author's first book, "Quality Corner," which has had a considerable degree of success. As in that story, the plot-interest rests upon a murder (in this case a manslaughter, almost an accident), and its consequences in the life conduct of its perpetrator. The plot is really of subsidiary interest. The real quality of the book is found in the portrayal of the heroine and of three or four of what might be thought minor characters. Neither the hero (custom seems to require the words hero and heroine for the most prominent characters, whether or not there be anything heroic about them) nor the villain, who in this case is a woman, holds the attention very closely, but there is a refined charm about the heroine, her father, her father's rough friend the Scotch doctor, and her intimate the parson's wife, which makes the reader thankful for an introduction to people of so fine instinct and such true culture.

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Correspondence

Among the Strikers

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Political economy used to be called "the dismal science" largely because it dealt with cold facts and figures in a purely theoretical way, as if they were entirely unrelated to the human beings whom they most concerned, and as if those human beings were themselves just so many cold facts and figures. In treating of the phenomenon called a strike, for instance, the old school of economic writers would say that the success of a strike depended upon the number of unemployed laborers, the prevailing rate of wages in near-by localities, the danger of foreign competition, etc., etc. While all this may be true, there are other factors; and I found myself wondering the other day, after a trip to Pittsburg, Homestead, and McKeesport, whether the old economists of the dismal school ever went out among the strikers and got their point of view before working out their theories. I had just had a conversation with a trio of McKeesport citizens whom I chanced to meet on a street corner in that now somewhat celebrated place. "Why is the town so quiet?" I had asked; "where are the strikers?" "Oh, most of them are at home enjoying a little rest," was the answer of one of the men; "some of them are down the river on a picnic; and you'll see a few around the depot when a train comes in." "Do they expect men to come in on the trains to take their places?" "No, they ain't looking for many that way. You see, there's a good many hot-headed Welsh and Irish among the strikers, and those that might take their places know there'd be trouble for them if they came. So they keep away. There's nobody here to make trouble. That's the reason the town's so quiet."

This was plain human talk, and it was not at all dismal, whatever one might think of the frank justification of intimidation that it conveyed. All of the townspeople with whom I talked about the strike seemed to sympathize with the strikers. Sometimes, perhaps, there was an interested motive in this attitude, as in the case of the shopkeepers. But there wasn't any concealment of real opinion among the women. Women generally are more outspoken than men on matters of this kind, I have observed—probably because they are non-combatants and feel that their only safety-valve is free speech. One laborer's wife with whom I talked expressed her sentiments in this way: "I don't know why the men shouldn't have their organization just the same as the bosses. The bosses have got the trusts that put up the price of everything; why shouldn't the men have their trust to keep up their wages?" I have not heard a cleaner-cut argument for the strikers' demands. This was an unusually thrifty and clear-headed woman. The miserable shanty that she lived in did not suggest thrift, but when I learned that she paid only five dollars a month for her house, and rented out a furnished room in it (furnished rooms for bachelor workmen were in demand in her neighborhood) for eight dollars a month, thus covering her rent and leaving something over, I thought, "Here is perhaps the mother of a Carnegie of the next generation."

Possibly the great philanthropist alluded to might have done something to make strikes less frequent in the region where he accumulated his great fortune. The writer does not like to criticise, because it is so easy, and he prefers to get a reputation for doing difficult things. But when a man is spending as much energy and money in doing good as is Mr. Carnegie, he makes himself a target for those who are philanthropists at heart but who have not been brought up in the steel business. The writer admires the Carnegie spirit even more than he does the Carnegie libraries, and he has always wondered why Mr. Carnegie did not devote himself to a larger scheme than that of scattering libraries over the coal country. The working people hereabout say in conversation, "See what Carnegie got," rather than "See what that good man Carnegie has done for us." They do not seem to regard Mr. Carnegie in the light in which, say, Peter Cooper is looked

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upon by the working people of New York City. "First be reconciled with thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." Would not the People's Palace idea really have touched the workingmen's hearts and met their needs more effectively than merely providing books for them to read? The Carnegie libraries are, indeed, open to the criticism that somehow they do not draw the people. The fine buildings which house these libraries in Pittsburg and Homestead are in the summer (however useful they may be in winter) almost entirely without users. The empty reading-rooms and the very occasional applicant for a book show that something is missing. One of the missing things is attractive surroundings—trees, and flowers, and grass that can be walked on. Children might come to the libraries if there were attractive grounds around them—yes, even playgrounds, from which, when they got tired, they might be lured to the refreshment of the mind.

The library is a civilizing influence indeed, but is not a comfortable home a far greater one? Where are the workingmen's model houses or tenements in the steel-manufacturing towns? One of the pitiful things about Pittsburg and its environs is the contrast between the palatial homes of the men whom Fortune, or a favorable environment, or a shrewd grandfather, or whatever it is that confers the power of making money, has favored, and the laborers' homes in the slums. If Mr. Carnegie had put his great fortune and his greater generosity to the task of changing the slums into decent, respectable living-places, I think he would have done more to avert strikes and make himself loved by the people he is trying to benefit than by any attempt to make book-learning easy and popular, however meritorious in itself this may be.

And yet it does not seem to be wages alone, or the ability to pay the rent of a respectable house, that makes men contented. I went late at night through one of the great iron-mills. The men were working stripped to the waist, or with only a thin undershirt on. Huge white-hot masses of metal were being pulled out of the furnaces by the "drag-out." Fiery snakes of steel were unwinding themselves from giant machines, carefully assisted by grimy workmen covered with sweat. These men receive high wages, some of them seven or eight dollars a night. They are a remarkably fine-looking, intelligent set of men. And, being so, they are not content with the mere money they get. They have aspirations and desires. They want the liberty to do among themselves what others may do. They want to feel that they may organize themselves for mutual service, without the alternative of doing it in an underhanded manner or of losing their jobs. They want some measure of the liberty of action that their employers enjoy. They have probably chosen an unfortunate time and unfortunate methods to emphasize this desire. If they got it, they probably would abuse it in some ways. Nevertheless, I believe that it is in the main a reasonable desire. I believe that some greater Carnegie will yet arise who will recognize the legitimate side of the workers' demands, and, with the spirit that values men's friendship more than anything else that can be got from them, will win liberty for them and fame and gratitude for himself in a union of organized capital and organized labor.

H. H. M.

Concentration Camps

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Mr. Chamberlain's statement, quoted in your issue of August 10, that the concentration camps in South Africa are "humanely conducted" is not borne out by figures that have been submitted to me. It appears that three hundred and eighteen children died in these camps in May and five hundred and seventy-five in June. A letter received from Mrs. Bosman, wife of the Dutch Reformed minister of Pretoria, stated that the children in the camp at Irene Station near Pretoria "are living skeletons." Another letter of later date, June 7, says that the "women in Middelburg (north of Pretoria) are dying off and there are no funds."

My authority for this is the Rev. Herman D. van Broekhuisen, pastor from Pretoria, now visiting this country to raise funds to buy food and clothing for the women and children in the "reconcentrado" camps in the Transvaal. The wife of the British Military Governor of Pretoria also put out an appeal last April. The new appeal is now in circulation.

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The appeal is put out by independent signers, some of whom are members of this League, others not.

JOHN V. L. PRUYN.

Transvaal League of the Eastern States,
22 William Street, New York.

Treaty Rights in China

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your editorial of August 10 on Missions in China seems to me to have been written in fairness of spirit and with considerable insight. Your conclusion, however, that the article in our treaty with China calling for the toleration of Christianity is a mistake, will be objected to by many, and, I think, with reason.

Article 29 of the treaty reads: "The principles of the Christian religion, as professed by the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches, are recognized as teaching men to do good and to do to others as they would have others do to them. Hereafter, those who quietly profess and teach these doctrines shall not be harassed or persecuted on account of their faith. Any person, whether citizen of the United States or Chinese convert, who according to these tenets peaceably teach [*sic*] and practice the principles of Christianity, shall in no case be interfered with or molested."

Article 4 of the Treaty of 1868 adds to this only the promise of religious toleration of the faith of Chinese in the United States. It should be observed that neither of these articles—and there are no others—puts the responsibility of the protection of the Chinese convert upon the United States Government. This is assumed by the Chinese Government. If that Government fails to fulfill this pledge, our Government will never feel bound to resort to extreme measures. On the other hand, the existence of such a pledge gives our Government the opportunity of using its good offices for the extension and final establishment of the great principle of religious toleration. Until this principle is established, China will continue to be a dangerous and unpleasant neighbor.

Your closing sentence appears to imply that there are those who expect "special privileges or special protection" for Chinese converts. This, I think, is misleading. Certainly the treaties call for no such special protection. They simply ask that the Chinese convert shall be under no special disability on account of his religion. The missionary as well as the consul must see to it that this reasonable position is not departed from. As a rule, I think, Protestant missionaries are very careful on this point. It is a matter of common native report that our Roman Catholic brethren are less careful.

Even granting that there may sometimes be misuse of treaty rights, the radical measure of giving them up is not the only logical procedure. Rather seek to send to China officials and missionaries who can be trusted to use the treaty rights wisely. This is what China sorely needs, and there is no nation so well situated toward China for applying these rights wisely and effectively and with so little suspicion of self-interest as is ours.

HENRY P. PERKINS.

Thanks from Dr. Hale

To the Editors of The Outlook:

On the first of July you were so good as to print for us at the central office of "Lend a Hand" a statement which I wrote about the "Summer Outings" of broken-down men whose needs are referred to us at this office. It is a pleasure to write again to say that the prompt liberality of your readers and of other friends enables us to meet all such expenses for the present summer.

We have acknowledged the sums received by letter where we had the names of the givers. Will you express our thanks for the sums remitted in bills to Huldah, $5; R. E. A., $1; A Friend, $2; Northampton, Mass., $2; Two Ladies of Rochester, N. Y., $2; Newton Centre, $2; Reader of The Outlook, $1; A Friend, $5.

Yours and theirs with thanks,

EDWARD E. HALE.

Getting Off Cars

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Spectator evidently did not fully study the matter relative to the fact that so many people in stepping off a car do so with their backs toward the front; the reason why is very clear to me. We are a nation of right-handed people, and as long as the railroad persists in always running on the right-hand track, the accidents to which the Spectator refers

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in The Outlook of August 10 will often occur. Our good right hand is always to be depended upon, and that is the reason people transfer bundles to the left hand to give free use of the right, which, if the car was on the left-hand track, would be a correct move. E. T.

The People and the Constitution

To the Editors of The Outlook:

You say, "Nor is our Constitution a contrivance for our protection against ourselves. It is a compact or articles of partnership between independent States." Does not our Constitution declare, "We the people," and so on, "do hereby ordain and establish this Constitution of government," etc.? You will recall the fact that the Secessionists maintained the theory of "compact or partnership between independent States" in our Civil War.

Biddeford Pool, Me. C. C. G.

[Our phraseology is to be interpreted by its context. The Outlook holds the National theory of the United States Government, as expounded by Daniel Webster in his speech against Hayne. It is more properly a compact of the peoples of the various States than of the States as distinct entities; but it is in no sense a contrivance for our protection against ourselves.—THE EDITORS.]

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

We have in this village a class of fifteen or twenty young people (school-teachers, etc.) who each winter take some special book as a guide to a certain branch of study. We have already taken several plays of Shakespeare, and Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Last year, on the advice of The Outlook, we took Morris's "Man and His Ancestors." Several of the class read quite extensively some collateral books, such as Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Haeckel, Drummond, Le Conte, Tyler, Gladden ("How Much is Left," etc.), E. Griffith Jones ("The Ascent Through Christ"), etc. I should like your advice as to a book for the coming season. Which would be the better for such a class, Dr. Bradford's "The Age of Faith" or Dr. Gordon's "The Epoch for Faith"? or would you advise some other book or some other topic? R. G. J.

Either of the books you name would form a very profitable subject; perhaps the two had better be taken together. As an alternative, you might prefer, just at this time to take a review of the past century. For this there are two books that admirably supplement each other, viz., Professor Adeney's "A Century of Progress" (T. Whittaker, New York) and "The Nineteenth Century," a collection of papers originally published in the New York "Evening Post" (Putnams, New York). The former is religious, the latter secular. To these you might add Wallace's "A Wonderful Century" (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York).

Can I obtain in one volume, or in separate volumes, the Bible in modern English—a free modern rendering like Professor George Barker Stevens's "Epistles of Paul in Modern English"? If so, please give title or titles, and name of publishers. F. N. T.

"The Twentieth Century New Testament" is not a paraphrase like Professor Stevens's work, but a translation into modern English made by thoroughly competent British scholars. It may be procured through any bookseller, or of the Revell Company, New York, for about one dollar.

Please mention two or three of the very best books on the following subjects: the Atonement, Efficacy of Prayer, Evolution and Religion. C. H. E.

"The Atonement," a collection of papers on the subject recently published by American and European theologians; also "The Divine Satisfaction," a pamphlet review of the subject (T. Whittaker, New York). Dr. James Freeman Clarke's work on Prayer, and Dr. F. H. Hedge's "Reason and Religion" (Unitarian Association, Boston). Le Conte's "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought" (D. Appleton & Co., New York).

Can any one of your readers tell me who was the author of a poetical description of the meteoric showers which occurred on the night of November 12, 1868, which commenced as follows:

"Och, an' shure I shall remember
The twelfth noight o' November
As long as e'er the ember
O' loife in me remains"?

As will be observed, it is in Irish dialect, and, if I recollect correctly, was entitled "The Meteoric Showers; or, The Reflections of Timothy O'Ryan on the Night of November 12, 1868." S. W. B.

The explanation of the different orders of sequence given for "The Chronicles of Barsetshire" is that in the very nice edition of Dodd, Mead & Co. (15 vols.) the great mistake has been made of placing "Dr. Thorne" fourth in the series, instead of third and "Framley Parsonage" fourth. Reading them in the order indicated on the fly-leaf of "The Warden" as regards the third and fourth, the whole interest in Dr. Thorne's life is spoiled. A TROLLOPE LOVER.

The Spectator recently credited the introduction of the umbrella into England to "Jonas Hanwell." Jonas Hanway is the historic individual. Hanway Street in London, turning out of Oxford Street opposite Soho Square, is named after him. Hanwell is the lunatic asylum near London, to which, had it then existed, many people would have consigned Jonas. T. H. P.

"H. S. G." will find the quotation he inquires about in "The Wife," from Washington Irving's "Sketch-Book," and it is as follows: "There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity." H. D.

"J. H. S." asks for "An Appeal to the Sextant (*sic*) for Air." This is to be found in Shoemaker's "Best Things from Best Authors," No. 4, page 114. J. M.

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